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## THE NEW MINISTRY.

WHATEVER may be the secret dislike of some of them to such an arrangement, the whole of Mr. Disraeli's late colleagues—with the exception of one who was refused the opportunity—have consented to serve under him; and the Cabinet has been reconstituted with the substitution of Lord Cairns for Lord Chelmsford, and of Mr. Ward Hunt for the Premier as Chancellor of the Exchequer. So far as is apparent to the public, the operation was not attended with any particular difficulty, and it may thence be inferred that the new First Minister will be able to command the confidence and support of the rank and file of the party. Within certain limits such an inference will, no doubt, be found tolerably correct. We do not anticipate that the knot of discontented Conservatives below the gangway, of whom Lord Cranborne is the most distinguished member, will receive any immediate addition to their number. The party must feel that Mr. Disraeli's Premiership is an inevitable necessity; and even those who regard it with least favour have at present no alternative but submission. In repelling the attacks of the Opposition, he may count on a cordial and hearty support from his followers; but it is by no means so clear that he will be able to carry them with him if he should attempt by an affirmative and positive policy to take the bread out of the mouths of Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal leaders. It will be difficult to reconcile a party whose *raison d'être* up to the present time has been resistance to all change, even to innovations that are professedly made in their own interest. And although they ought to and probably have unlimited reliance on their leader's tactical skill, it by no means follows that they will repose a similar confidence in any legislation that he may propose. Mr. Disraeli's attempts at legislation have in fact been the least successful part of his career. The Reform Bill of 1859 was almost as much disliked by the Conservatives as by the Liberals, for its new-fangled provisions, for its departure from the old lines of the Constitution, and for the transparent trickery of the means by which it aimed at taking away with one hand what it gave with the other. His measure for the constitution of the Government of India was received with something approaching to derision by men of all parties, and it was only saved from ignominious rejection by Lord J. Russell's suggestion that the House should deal with the subject by resolution. And although the Reform Act of 1867 was eventually passed, it arrived at its ultimate shape by a process which may be creditable to Mr. Disraeli's abilities as a strategist, but which assuredly affords no reason to believe that he is likely to be successful in framing measures which may, by their intrinsic merits, command the assent of the House of Commons. Moreover, the country gentlemen are by no means satisfied that Mr. Disraeli's ends are their ends. They have, after all, only a half-belief in his Conservatism; and they do not much more than half understand his exposition of the principles which he assures them that they hold, or ought to hold, as the political heirs and successors of Bolingbroke and Sir William Wyndham. Even when the question at issue is merely one of concession, Mr. Disraeli will labour under a great disadvantage as compared with his predecessor. When Lord Derby told them that they must give way, the Tory squires knew that his opinion on the necessities of the

case was the opinion of a man who wished to resist, and would resist if he thought there was the faintest chance of success. They followed him without hesitation, because they had not the slightest doubt as to the perfect sincerity of his judgment. But they can have no such confidence in Mr. Disraeli. Let them make what professions they like, they do not, as a matter of fact, believe that he cares for the maintenance of the Irish Established Church as Lord Derby cared for it; that he is as eager as Mr. Hardy is to prevent Nonconformists entering the English universities on a footing of equality with Churchmen; or that he is as much bent as is Mr. Ward Hunt upon fettering the trade in foreign cattle, for the benefit of our own farmers. When he tells them it is time "to throw up the sponge," they will thereupon be apt to suspect that the wish is father to the thought; and that he is seeking the opportunity of putting a pressure on his own followers, rather than yield reluctantly to compulsion from the other side of the House.

It is said that, with a view to disarm these suspicions, and to remove the misgivings which his supporters entertain as to the strict orthodoxy of his political principles, Mr. Disraeli intends to take the party into his confidence to an extent unparalleled in recent political history. Instead of holding himself at a distance from them, like Sir R. Peel, or summoning them to receive his orders, like Lord Derby, it is understood that he means to consult them on every important stage, and to secure their unity and collective action by a succession of such gatherings as that which he held on Thursday last. We cannot, however, help doubting whether he will be able, even by this device, to obtain that ascendancy over the more stiff-necked of his supporters without which it will be impossible for him to carry out successfully that at which he doubtless aims—a Liberal policy under Tory pretences. If, indeed, we may trust current rumour, he did not obtain the adhesion of two or three of his late colleagues until he had consented to some limitation of the concessions to Ireland, which Lord Mayo had already been authorized to announce; and it is more than probable that he will find it far less easy to pursue an accommodating policy in his own name and on his own responsibility, than under the authority and protection of a chief whom he could lead, and in whom the mass of the party blindly confided. If that should turn out to be the case, the present Ministry cannot be destined to a long life. It may tide through the present session, owing partly to the disunion of the Opposition, and partly to the difficulty of bringing matters to a decisive issue in the last session of a moribund Parliament; but it will be in no position to encounter with a chance of success the difficulties which await it in the Reformed Parliament. Unless Mr. Disraeli can by that time carry on the process of "education" to an extent and with a success which will throw all his former achievements into the shade, he will probably have no other alternative but to take his stand on untenable ground, or to submit to the disorganization of the party which he has been for the last twenty years so laboriously reconstructing. That, however, is for the future; and to the future we may for the present leave it. The question of immediate interest relates to the measures of the present session, and especially to those which may indicate the Irish policy of the Government. As we have already intimated, we do not believe that Mr. Disraeli is at present in a position to make the concessions which he would no doubt gladly do in the



matter of the Irish Church. He will most likely endeavour to stave off all discussion on the ground that a Royal Commission is already inquiring into the subject. That, however, is a pretence which ought not for a moment to pass current with the House. An investigation into the amount of the revenues of the Establishment, and the best mode of distributing them amongst the sect by which they are at present monopolized, has no bearing upon the broad issue whether the institution itself should be preserved or abolished. That is not a question of figures or statistics, but one of political right and expediency, which the House of Commons is as well qualified to decide now as it will be after it has received the Blue-book by which the Royal Commission will enrich its library. The people of Ireland are entitled to know without further delay whether the Imperial Parliament, as at present constituted, does or does not intend to maintain an odious system of religious inequality, and the unjust ascendancy of the Church of the minority. There are, no doubt, difficulties in connection with the application of the revenues of the existing Establishment. It cannot be said that public opinion either in England or Ireland has arrived at any definite conclusions on that point; and in fact the want of accord with regard to it is the great impediment with which those who desire to see the Irish Protestant Church dis-established have to contend. We do not, however, think that this difficulty should prevent the Liberal party from placing on record during the present session its opinion that the present system ought no longer to continue. The Irish people are not so unreasonable as to expect that this question can be effectually and finally dealt with during the current year, but they are entitled to receive an assurance that the Legislature is at least alive to the justice of their complaints, and is ready to apply itself earnestly to the work of meeting them. The Opposition are bound to raise the issue of the maintenance of the Irish Church without unnecessary delay; but as they must necessarily do so in an abstract form, it will of course be open to Mr. Disraeli to treat with indifference any resolution which they may succeed in passing.

With regard to the Irish land question, and that of Irish university education, Parliament has, no doubt, a right to expect and to insist upon practical legislation during the present session; and if it turns out that the policy of the Government on both these subjects is inadequate to the necessities of the case, or is based upon erroneous principles, there would be abundant ground to justify a vote of want of confidence in a Government which stands convicted of inability to comprehend or to solve the main political problem of our day and generation. A measure of so extreme a character is not, however, likely to be resorted to under existing circumstances; and whatever may be the failure of Mr. Disraeli to inaugurate a sound and conciliatory Irish policy, the effect of that failure will probably be rather to discredit him with the next Parliament than to provoke any active efforts on the part of the present assembly for his ejection from office. No other questions are likely to give him any serious difficulty. We do not know whether it be true that the opposition with which he was threatened on the Scotch Reform Bill has been evaded by an arrangement under which Scotland is to have ten additional members instead of seven; but even if the report be at present incorrect, it is probably only premature. This is a matter peculiarly open to settlement by bargain; and if, as we suspect, both parties are willing to treat it on that footing, they are pretty certain, after a due amount of haggling, to arrive at a more or less reasonable settlement. In that case we shall hear but little of the objection, sound as we deem it to be, to an increase in the number of the members of the House of Commons. The English education question is the only other important subject of controversy likely to arise during the present session; but the Government will be more maladroit than there is any reason to suppose, if they cannot either meet, or stave off to another year, the demands which will be made upon them. Upon the whole, it is probable that the Administration will pass through the session without actual shipwreck; but they ought not to be allowed to evade such a declaration of their policy as will place clearly before the country, at the next general election, the great issues which are at stake between them and the Liberal leaders.

#### KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA.

LOUIS I., ex-King of Bavaria, who has just quitted this mortal scene at Nice, at the ripe age of eighty-one years and a half, was not in himself a very remarkable man, nor were the events in which he was immediately concerned (except

in a subordinate capacity in his youth) of first-class importance to the history of Europe. But the life of any monarch who has lived so long in the world, reigned for so many years, and passed through such strongly-marked vicissitudes, must be interesting, and that of Louis (or Ludwig) Charles Augustus, of the House of Wittelsbach, is worth a brief review now that he has departed. Bavaria, though by frequent additions it has become a good-sized kingdom, is not a State of any great rank in the European system. It occupies a comparatively insignificant place in history, and was for several centuries dependent on the great Empires—Ostrogothic, German, or otherwise—by which it was dominated. It was simply a duchy or electorate almost to our own times, and the monarch who has just expired was only the second king, strictly so called, the country had ever had. The electorate was raised to the rank of a kingdom in 1805 by the treaty of Presburg, and it was Maximilian Joseph, the father of Louis, who was the first to reign as King of Bavaria. This was the work of Napoleon, in gratitude for the assistance which Maximilian had rendered him in his wars with the German Emperor. Maximilian was, indeed, to some extent, a Frenchman by adoption. He was a younger son of a younger branch of the House of Wittelsbach, and, having apparently no chance of succeeding to power, he dwelt in the French-German city of Strasburg, and was commander of the Alsace Regiment. It was in that city that Louis was born on the 25th of August, 1786. Louis XVI. was his godfather, and after him he was christened. The French monarch bestowed on the infant a colonelcy, a large pension, and a gift of diamonds; and it doubtless appeared tolerably certain to all that the child would grow up a French subject and soldier. But the revolution of 1789 obliged his father to fly into Germany, and, ten years later, Maximilian, by the death of the reigning Elector, and the absence of nearer relatives, became the ruler of Bavaria, and, as we have seen, one of the allies of Buonaparte. When his electorate was made into a kingdom by Napoleon (who at the same time added to its boundaries), the wily Italian probably thought that he had secured Maximilian permanently by the bonds of gratitude. But the Bavarian monarch, like most of Napoleon's allies, deserted his benefactor when he saw the tide of events turning against him. Louis, the heir to the throne, had commanded a Bavarian division in the French Imperial army, and all looked hopeful until 1813, when, carried away by the national movement in Germany, the House of Bavaria went over to the allies, and thus secured its newly-acquired dignity, which was recognised by the Congress of Vienna. A constitution was granted to Bavaria in 1818, but it did not work well until the accession of Louis on the death of his father, October 13th, 1825. Louis was a man of liberal and cultivated nature—a poet, a prose writer, an artist, and a lover of art and genius; and the experiences of his early life were not of a character to inspire him with any great ideas of divine right. He favoured popular liberties and the freedom of the press, reformed the administration, curtailed the public expenditure in some respects, reduced the taxation of the country, ameliorated the conditions of military service, promoted education and commerce, introduced railways and steam navigation, and joined the North Sea with the Black Sea by means of the Maine and Danube Canal. These operations, of course, spread over many years; but after a time the political side of the King's programme received a very great and a very unfortunate modification. Louis took fright at the French Revolution of 1830, and, under pretext of some slight disturbances which occurred in Bavaria, abridged the freedom of the press, and gave his countenance to the policy of the Ultramontane party. The restrictions on the press were afterwards removed, but much discontent was excited by a heavy imposition of taxes, and upon the whole the reactionists prevailed during a considerable period. The King, who was a Roman Catholic (in Bavaria, indeed, the Papists are in a large majority, though both bodies enjoy perfect toleration and a certain measure of State support), yielded himself, after a while, entirely to the guidance of the Jesuits, and of course was not long in forgetting his former Liberalism. This state of things went on, with growing unpopularity on the part of the monarch, until about the year 1846, when Louis was fascinated by the charming, coquettish opera-dancer, half Spaniard, half Irishwoman, Lola Montes. This lady soon became more powerful than even the Jesuits. It was said at the time that she did the work of Jesuits; but she herself, in the autobiography which she published in 1858, two years before her death, asserts that precisely the contrary was the fact—that she used all her influence to oppose the priestly party, and to uphold popular rights. If so, she was singularly misunderstood. The feeling of the people was very



powerfully excited against her, and it was openly declared to be a scandal that the King, an elderly man of sixty, should lavish upon a ballet-girl titles, honours, pensions, landed property, and the rights of Bavarian citizenship. As Countess of Lansfeld, and the favourite of the monarch, Lola exercised supreme sway at court, making and unmaking Ministries, and doing exactly as she pleased. At length, however, in March, 1848, the people of Munich, imitating the example of the Parisians, rose in insurrection against the Government. They demanded reforms, and the expulsion of Lola Montes. The King consented, conveyed the lady across the frontiers, and pacified the citizens. Almost immediately afterwards he brought her back, but was again compelled to order her departure. It is said by Lola, in the work to which we have already alluded, that Louis promised her beforehand that he would abdicate the throne, and very shortly he did so, and followed the charmer into other lands. He resigned in favour of his son, Maximilian Joseph II., on the 20th of March. The new monarch died early in 1864, and the throne is now occupied by the grandson of Louis, who reigns as Louis II.

"All for love, or the world well lost," might have been the motto of the discrowned King, had Louis been the equal of Marcus Antonius, or the pretty dancer the peer of the stately Hellenic Egyptian Queen, or Bavaria as well entitled to the hyperbole of being called "the world" as the old Roman dominion. How long Louis continued to associate with Lola after their common downfall we do not recollect; but he seems in time to have returned to his old tastes—those of art and architecture. He had done much for Munich during his two or three-and-twenty years of kingship—had filled it with majestic buildings and beautiful works of art, and had sometimes irritated his people by the large sums of money he laid out in contributing to the grandeur of their metropolis. He now spent his time in Italy, at Paris, and in other places where he could study the great productions of the sculptor, the architect, and the painter; and in this quiet, inoffensive manner (for he was an amiable man after all) he wore away his life. He certainly made the capital of Bavaria a splendid city—a somewhat artificial reproduction of the chief features of other cities, it is true—a combination of Athens and Florence under the skies of Bavaria,—but still a stately vision. He encouraged art and artists, and Munich has now, thanks to him, a school of painting, the influence of which is felt and acknowledged all over Germany. The almost lost arts of fresco-painting, encaustic, and painting on glass, were revived by his patronage and developed by his intelligence; and in these respects he will be remembered with gratitude and respect. As a politician he bequeathed nothing to posterity; yet, on the whole, many monarchs have died, and left behind them more of evil and less of good.

#### LANGTON v. WAITE.

EVERY now and then we obtain a glimpse into the mysteries of commerce which reveals something so little in accordance with ordinary notions of fair dealing, that we are at a loss to understand by what inverted notions of morality things have been done, not by obscure adventurers, but by men who stand high in the commercial world; and not as by an accident, but in pursuance of an understood course of dealing. Of course, if there is in the commercial world a special code of morals, different from that which obtains amongst men in general, growing out of the necessities of commerce, and perfectly understood by every one pretending to conduct, or to partake in, commercial dealings, we should have no reason to complain of, or perhaps even to criticise acts sanctioned by such a code. But this does not appear to be the case. The recognised laws of commerce are agreeable to those principles of morality which are recognised by society; and they professedly sanction nothing which between man and man, out of the commercial world, would be regarded as dishonest. But beneath that recognised code there seems to be a tacit understanding that what is possible may be done, whether it is moral or immoral, if it can be done profitably. We repeat that we are speaking now of men who occupy a good position in the commercial world—men who are respectable in the City sense of the term; men who are not here to-day and gone to-morrow, but who have a character to lose. And, of course, if one respectable man does occasionally or commonly in his commercial dealings what he would hardly do in his non-commercial capacity, it is probable that his example will be followed by others. But we must hold that this swerving from the right line, however those who are guilty

of it may plead the force of respectable precedent, is altogether to be deplored. And it is the more to be deplored because it enables the predatory class of commercial men, whom we may call either adventurers or speculators, or swindlers, to justify their frauds upon the ground that respectable men have done questionable things. Between these two classes there is a great gulf, in point of character, substance, and intention. But why should there be the slightest link between them? Why should it be possible for an adventurer to say, with any show of truth, that his conduct is not much worse than that of men who have a character and a position to lose?

We are unable to say to what extent the conversion of stock deposited as security for a loan is practised by stockbrokers. The evidence which the defendant in the case of *Langton v. Waite* adduced in support of his case shows at least that such conversion is not a rarity. Perhaps we cannot give our readers a clearer idea of this case than by quoting the following summary of its facts from the money article of the *Times* :—

"A case was decided by Vice-Chancellor Malins to-day which attracted considerable attention in the Stock Exchange. A person who had obtained a loan of £6,000 on the security of £22,000 stock of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada for three months, wished to discharge the loan and get back his stock a few weeks before the expiration of that term by paying the interest for the whole period. The lender refused to comply, and inconvenience and loss were thereby incurred. Subsequently it was discovered that the lender had sold the stock intrusted to him at 46, and had afterwards replaced it at a much lower rate, making thereby an alleged profit of £3,000. The present action was therefore brought by the borrower to recover the money which had thus been made by the use of his property, and Vice-Chancellor Malins decided that the law being that, in the absence of express contract, the pawnee of property cannot sell it till the debt for which it was lodged becomes payable, the sale in question was a wrongful one, and that the defendant, who was also condemned in costs, must account for the proceeds to the plaintiff. The affair occurred about two years ago, at a time when the Grand Trunk of Canada stock, which is now quoted at 15, was temporarily forced up to 46 by a series of speculative operations, supposed to have been conducted under the same auspices as those which have recently caused the violent movements in Caledonian and Metropolitan railway stocks."

Looked at by the light of ordinary morality, any one whose notions of morality were not perverted, would say that the Vice-Chancellor's decision was right, and that the conduct of the defendant in the case was unwarranted. To that effect went the testimony of eight stockbrokers who gave evidence for the plaintiff. But the evidence of other stockbrokers to a contrary effect was produced on the other side, and the defendant himself, writing to the *Times*, says that he acted "under the impression that the custom of the Stock-Exchange authorized him to deal with the stock in any way he thought fit during the currency of the loan." This assertion of Mr. Waite's raises a very important question. Does the custom of the Stock-Exchange authorize such dealing? Mr. Waite ought to know, for he is a member of the firm of Foster, Braithwaite, & Co. It is true the 64th rule of the Stock-Exchange provides that in all cases of loans or deposit of securities, the lender is bound to return the identical security, unless it was otherwise stipulated. That is the rule, but what is the practice? So experienced a stock-broker as Mr. Waite can hardly be wrong upon this point, and until we have from the Stock Exchange an authoritative contradiction of his statement, we must presume that it is correct, and that he can plead precedent for a transaction which anywhere else but on the Stock Exchange would be sternly resented. But what, then, is the utility of a body which suffers such transgressions of its rules as practically over-rule them; and which at all events retains within its sodality, and clothes with its authority, brokers who are guilty of such transgression? Not long since, a demand was made for an open Stock Exchange. Is it not time to repeat that demand?

#### BARRISTERS AND BENCHERS.

IF the Benchers of the four Inns of Courts possess any of the common failings of humanity, and there are those who say that they are by no means deficient in them, they must look upon the late recess with about as little favour as a school-boy regards black Monday. Such a time offers unusual advantages to those whose mission it is to assail abuses. Weeks must elapse before that forlorn hope of the country editor, the gigantic gooseberry, can with any decency put in an appearance; triple births are inconveniently scarce; Belgravian mothers have ceased their lamentations, and ceded the mourning columns of the daily papers to grocers who bewail the ingratitude of their customers and recoil with horror from the co-operative societies, which "set class against class" and



save five-and-twenty per cent.; people who marry on three hundred a year have ceased to publish their indiscretions; and the columns of the daily papers are at the disposal of any one whom a spirit of restlessness or sense of injury drives into print. The charge preferred against the authorities of the Inns of Court by the barristers whose letters have been published in the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* are noteworthy for the sources whence the complaints come rather than from any novelty in the form of the grievance. The misgovernment of these societies and the disregard which the Benchers have always entertained for everything that did not immediately tend to their own comfort or gain is a very old story. We called attention to the subject in the columns of this paper some few months since, and the occasional scandals which now and then crop up have from time to time informed the public of how things are managed in the parliament and pension chambers; but that the members of the Bar should themselves invite attention to their wrongs is a somewhat novel, and possibly a healthy and promising sign. These gentlemen call publicity to their aid in the conviction that all the means of influencing the Benchers have utterly failed; and they certainly make out a case which the general body of the public, at all events, will be inclined to look upon with favour.

The complaints of the junior members of the Middle Temple are principally directed to the system of mismanagement which prevails with reference to the library and hall. The library, at all events, seems to be conducted as if the great object of those who control it were to meet the convenience of the librarian and his assistants, and to systematically disregard that of the members who do not happen to be Benchers. A Benchers in fair practice necessarily has a good library of his own; he seldom requires to consult that of the society, and when he does, he contents himself with ordering such of the books as he may want, to be carried to his chambers, and retained there as long as his convenience requires. Most junior barristers, on the other hand, during the first years of their practice, and at a time when they have most need for consulting books, are not in the possession of many works beyond the ordinary text-books they have used as students. The reports and other treatises in the Inn library are consequently as absolutely essential to them, as is his box of tools to a carpenter. It is also of importance to the young barrister that he should be in attendance at court during the sittings to watch the transaction of business, and seize an opportunity occasionally of holding the brief of some friend in larger practice and better luck than himself. He must make, however, his choice between the court and the library, for should he on his return after four o'clock desire to refer to a book he will find that not being a Benchers he cannot borrow it, and that being only a barrister the library is closed against him and he cannot go there to consult it. The result is that those hours in the evening which he would gladly have given up to study he is obliged to devote to idleness. Should the disappointed young barrister take his way up Chancery-lane, he will find a library, not open to him, but in which the members of the other branch of the profession are treated in a manner that gives him very little reason to be satisfied with his governors. This library (that of the Law Institution) is well lighted, it is open from ten o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock at night, and whilst nobody can borrow books, the amplest opportunity is given to every one to read them.

A similar arrangement regulates the use of the different halls of the societies. Barristers and students, paying for it of course, have for about three months in the year the privilege of dining there, and during the remaining nine the places are closed, and those who would dine scatter themselves among the taverns of Fleet-street, and find their dinners as best they can. During the three months that the halls are not closed, the repasts provided for all who are not Benchers are not of a kind to make them very well satisfied with their lot. The "Barrister" who writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, giving an account of an Inner Temple dinner, in fact describes what takes place at every one of the Inns. All dine in a common room, the Benchers on chairs on a dais, the Bar and the students on bare forms below. At the lower tables a joint is placed on the table for every four persons, and each having hacked as much out of it as will assuage the cravings of his personal hunger, it is seen no more. Immediately after dinner, the barristers and students are turned out, and the Benchers retire to a most comfortable suite of apartments and enjoy the hospitality of the society. The privileges of Benchers are by no means confined to the borrowing of books and the eating of luxurious dinners. They divide among themselves a certain number of sets of chambers, generally worth about £100 a year, rent free for life. In at least one of the societies several sets of chambers are frequently

to be found held by individual members of the Bench on leases that are practically renewable for ever, and at rents that might have been reasonable a couple of centuries ago, but are now scarcely a third of the improved rents received by the fortunate lessee. The Benchers of each Inn find there all the comforts of a club provided for them by themselves out of the funds of the society. They possess the privilege of conferring upon any one they please the right to exercise the profession of a barrister, and they have a practically unchecked power of withdrawing that right should his conduct not meet with their approval. It is almost unnecessary to say that gentlemen who are so careful of their own comfort, and so regardless of the convenience of every one else, do not owe their positions to the suffrages of those whom they govern. They quietly elect themselves, and although the force of public opinion has of late years compelled them to abandon a little of the recklessness which formerly distinguished them, they can blackball with as little sense of responsibility as the members of a merely social club. They do everything as if they were the absolute owners of the property intrusted to them, and as if the other members were there upon sufferance merely, and bound to receive with gratitude anything which the generosity of the Benchers may concede to them.

There is something supremely absurd in the notion that one of the great professions of the kingdom should be completely under the control and at the mercy of four batches of elderly gentlemen, who are responsible to no one, and who have seldom exhibited a sense of duty to any one except themselves. Like all real reform, however, any change for the better in the constitution of the Inns of Court must come from the public, and not from the legal profession. The junior members may agitate, as they do now, and they may succeed in securing two or three small concessions; but their education and training imbues them with so profound a reverence for the rights of seniority, that the last thing they would think of is a radical change in the government of the societies. The subject, however, has a much wider view than that in which it may be the pleasure of lawyers to regard it. The proper government of the Inns of the Court, and the rules which affect the position of advocates, are matters in which the public has a deep interest; and, in days like the present, when the tendency is to root out, rather than to foster abuses, it is impossible that the Inns of Court, unreformed as they are now, should survive the light which any properly-conducted inquiry must throw upon them.

#### IRISH PRIESTS.

THERE are a great many erroneous opinions and notions in this country touching a class of men who figure prominently in Irish troubles. Some people accept Mr. Whalley's idea of a priest—a bigot vehemently desiring to burn good Protestants; and some are not disinclined to form their views from Mr. Boucicault—a benevolent old personage, on the best terms with every one. We need scarcely say that these descriptions are not faithful, however well they may suit the purposes for which they were invented. The Irish priest cannot be easily accounted for by a type. He differs in some particulars from the general species according to locality—almost as much as a trout caught near covered water varies in colour from a fish hooked in an open stream. The country priest and the city priest, for instance, contrast remarkably. Both, let us say, are educated at Maynooth. Both, as it usually happens, are the sons of well-off farmers. They go through exactly the same course of study; and when their respective missions are told off, they preserve for a time certain common characteristics. But after a short period a change, which Mr. Buckle, Mr. Darwin, or both, might easily explain, sets in. He of the country will, as a rule, be found to know as little of the world as the tillers of the ground about him. He buys, perhaps, a weekly "national" paper; and that and his breviary give him sufficient literary food. If his district is a poor one and scattered, the "sick calls" occupy him constantly, and day or night he never flinches from them. Occasionally he may indulge in coursing, an amusement to which these men are prone. He is obliged to attend certain periodical conferences, as they are termed, established for the purpose of preventing his theology from rusting. Here he meets the bishop and the administrators of the diocese. The "conference" is carried on in Latin, and is a sort of debate upon casuistical conundrums. Nothing can be more simple and solitary than the lives spent by many of these country priests. They work out the principle of their faith with an exemplary fortitude and perseverance. Their chapels are often rude and insignificant, and there is something at once pathetic and ludicrous in the decorations which the peasant is



pleased to see stuck upon the altars. Here, on Sundays, the priest reigns supreme, not merely as a minister claiming sacred authority, but as a dictator, tax-gatherer, health officer, magister morum, and even election agent. The stories told by Lever and others of dialogues carried on between the priest and his congregation are not only founded on facts, but the facts are repeated to this day. Yet this intercourse does not prevent the peasant from loving as well as fearing his priest. They literally, in many cases, believe him capable of exerting supernatural power, but they have a curious superstition that every exercise of it entails so much fasting and mortification on his part that he is chary of working miracles. This feeling, it must be understood, is entirely confined to the country districts. Nothing is more remarkable than the manner in which the priestly function and character has lost weight and force in the cities within the last few years. There is a tendency towards scepticism amongst the artisans of which there was not a trace during the O'Connell agitations. This does not go to the extent which it does amongst us, when a cobbler proclaims that four-fifths of his comrades are "atheists;" but it has gone to the extent of drawing away from the priests that tremendous power which they formally wielded. In referring to Fenianism, Mr. Goldwin Smith says in his last letter, "the political and national character of this new movement is evinced by the attitude of the Catholic priesthood, who, belonging to a European corporation of a radically Conservative character, are, as a body, for the first time separated from the people." They are separated from the mechanics of Dublin, Cork, and Limerick to a certain degree, but that separation preceded Fenianism. It is also well worth notice, that when the priests found themselves becoming unpopular amongst the classes we refer to, they at once got up an organization expressly for the purpose of helping them to regain their influence. This organization was first started by Dr. O'Brien, the same gentleman who recently favoured us with so emphatic a declaration for repeal of the Union. It was called "The Young Men's Society," and received great countenance and encouragement from Rome, special "indulgences" being put within reach of its members. The members were to place themselves almost entirely under clerical control. A priest was generally chairman or president of the respective lodges. The books, papers, lectures, all partook of a religious tone. This society has been to a great extent a success, and has always furnished a large contingent to the funeral and other processions which happen to represent the particular treason of the hour. Politics are ostensibly forbidden, but the *Nation* and the *Irishman* are the favourite journals of the reading-room. Confession once a month is a condition of membership, and to this rule the founders will admit of no exception. The "Young Men" are carefully looked after by the detectives from their habit of indulging in sentimental disloyalty. The priests, however, hold them back from doing what would put them in the power of the State, because they themselves dare not sympathize with Fenianism, its secret oaths, violence and recklessness. It may be taken for granted, however, that nine out of ten of those "Young Men" are Fenians at heart, and we regret it is not in our power to give the statistics of the organization, which may almost be considered as a volunteer Fenian force.

In Dublin the priests neither mix nor interest themselves much in politics. Dr. Cullen thinks a great deal more of the Pope and the Church than he does of an abstract nationality, and he begrudges every shilling spent on revolvers for Irish independence as so much money that ought to have gone into the Peter's pence-box. He makes it a point to snub and discourage any of his subordinates who may venture to interfere, without his express directions, in election matters. He always tries to keep in view of his flock, not a stricken young Hibernia as represented in patriotic prints and writing of the emerald type, but the Pope struggling with domestic misfortunes and outside heretics. He would cheerfully give his blessing to a Papal brigade levied in Ireland, but he has already cursed the Fenians, lumping them in the malediction, on one occasion, with Freemasons, in order, we suppose, to render the calamity of his displeasure more appalling. The consequence is that the Dublin priests for the most part keep away from platforms and funerals, waiting for the sign from head-quarters before stirring. This is not the case in Cork, where there is a certain laxity of discipline in reference to the union of ideas between the bishop and his clergy. Cloyne, a large and important diocese, is strong in priests of the agitating order. It includes a great portion of the electoral division of Cork county, and at each contest the various parish priests and curates work for their chosen candidates with wonderful vigour and industry. The farmer voter is often dragged almost to pieces between

them and the agent of the landlord; his soul and a lease are balanced against each other—eviction or perdition as it may be—and he often goes to the poll with the spirit at least of a martyr. Tipperary and Waterford contain universally patriotic priests, who are yet prepared to whip up their flocks at an election as in the days of old. Indeed, the affair is an agreeable excitement to them, and breaks in upon the dreary monotony of their duties. They meet the attorneys and the candidate, and make speeches and hear themselves constantly spoken of in terms of rapture by the politician anxious to represent the independent constituents of the district under their thumbs.

Socially the Irish priests are a good, hospitable set of men, ready to live on pleasant terms with the Protestant rector or curate, and leading such existences as might be expected from persons of limited incomes, necessarily imperfect culture, and pretty severe work. They are chaste and orderly in conduct, and Dens' theology, whatever our fanatics may say of it, does not make its students vicious or uncharitable. One thing has tended of late years to improve the priests in a social sense. Numbers of them are to be seen on the Rhine steamers during the summer months, and they take annual trips (the city and town priests) to Switzerland or France. They are generally sound Latin scholars, the reading of the Missal and the conferences to which we have alluded helping them in the accomplishment. We have not referred under the head of Irish priests to those of the religious orders. They have no practical bearing upon politics, or upon the minds of the people. The Jesuits remain very much to themselves, except in the metropolis, where they have fashionable penitents, a church superbly appointed, and mostly confine their sphere of operations to what are termed the higher classes. They have an extensive college in Kildare, where they perpetuate the Latin verse system, and turn out sound Papists. To the majority of the Irish people they are, however, entirely unknown, and they cautiously eschew politics. Meagher was a pupil of the Kildare College, and was educated into eloquence in the usual school debating forum where the ancient Romans are spoken about, and Cicero is compared with Demosthenes. The clerical colleges, with the exception of Maynooth and Drumcondra (a college of preparation for foreign missions) are insignificant. Maynooth, however, seems amply to satisfy its requirements. The grant is sufficient to support all who present themselves for a career which requires very special qualities for human nature to fit itself to.

#### PESTILENT PUBLICATIONS.

SOME years ago an attempt was made to suppress the infamous traffic in immoral books pursued in Holywell-street, and on the 25th of August, 1857, Lord Campbell's Act was put into operation for the purpose of "more effectually preventing the sale of obscene books, pictures, prints, and other articles." The terms of the statute were necessarily cautious so as not to interfere with that liberty of printing of which we are so proud. In fact, it was only to affect those who traded directly upon a taste for vice with vicious intent, so that the filthiest production could escape its grasp by simply assuming a religious or a medical disguise. To some extent this act certainly has done good work, but lately those who are bound to see it carried out, have slackened their vigilance to a degree which almost renders it a dead letter. There are dozens of shops in London, many of them in respectable thoroughfares, which exhibit title-pages and pictures of an unmistakably impure character, of a character which plainly passes the line of safety. Books ostensibly made up for public corruption are catalogued, and lists forwarded to officers, country gentlemen, and clergymen, all over the country. With these, however, we are not so much concerned. The patrons of such literature can generally take care of themselves, and if they choose to brutalize their intellects over studies in lust, the evil is confined to a moral poisoning which can only waste and sicken the lives of individuals who are bent on the destruction of their minds. It is a different thing, however, when we come down to classes over which the State for its own protection must exercise a distinct supervision in such matters. We should be very slow to require a constant paternal action from a Government, but here it must step in. We have before us evidence enough that Lord Campbell's Act is almost a complete nullity. A paper, for instance, printed in Wych-street, and illustrated with indecent woodcuts, has the following editorial notice, from which its nature may be partly surmised:—

"We shall be happy to receive original tales, anecdotes, and adventures, particularly of the gay world. Our terms will be a remuneration of one guinea per page of the present type."



It would be impossible for us sufficiently to deodorize any of the contents in order to give a specimen. Mere *double entendre* is not dealt in by the conductors of the periodical, which is openly sold in the newspaper and tobacco shops of low neighbourhoods. This thing sells for twopence, and must sell in large numbers if we are to judge by the remuneration offered to its purveyors.

In some cases penny biographies of prostitutes are paraded in the windows as courageously as copies of the *Telegraph* or *Standard*. Taking a glance at the style and aim of two or three of these, we can see another motive-cause for the social effect deplored by Mr. Skey. If people with a holy love for the heathens of the Pacific and other islands would walk through the streets where the "History of Lizzie Howard" is vended next the ginshop, while over the way a rag and bottle store affords a safe place for the kitchen thief to dispose of her spoils, they might be tempted to establish a few missionaries nearer Exeter Hall than Booraboolagah. In the meanwhile there is no reason why Lord Campbell's Act might not precede the distribution of Bibles. There can be no excuse for the toleration of those publication stews in Wych-street and Holywell-street from whence the memoirs of Lizzie Howard and her associates are issued. There is another point to which we think attention ought to be directed. The fellows who deal in those infamous wares have pirated from a celebrated proselytising pamphlet of the Protestant Electoral Union. It is impossible for us to refrain from congratulating Mr. Whalley and Col. Brockman upon the compliment paid by this fact to their zeal in the cause of the Church of which they are such ornaments. The "Confessional Unmasked," edited under the auspices of a pious association, and which boasts of having circulated fifty-nine thousand copies of instructive particulars, has been seized hold of by the Wych-street Socii, who found it necessary to purge it a little. Perhaps after learning this, the Protestant Electoral Union will have the common decency to withdraw the man off the streets who offers their dirty compilation for sale. That pestilent publication, the "Confessional Unmasked" escapes the law simply because it cannot be proved to be issued for "purposes of gain." A shilling is charged for it, and only twopence for the Wych-street epitome. The latter has not the advantages of editorial notes, and on the whole is much milder than the authorized version. We have no hesitation in saying that after making the disagreeable searches necessary for the purpose of this article, and comparing the desperate ruffianism and wickedness of one paper with another, we give the palm of blackguardism to the "Confessional Unmasked" (with editorial notes) sent out by the Protestant Electoral Union. As we have mentioned, it is so bad that the Wych-street firm were afraid to print it entire. If the Union are determined to continue their method of procuring converts, we would advise them to engage the artist who has illustrated the cover of the Wych-street brochure. He has managed to impart to a priest in a confession-box a countenance that would make the fortune of Mr. Murphy could he imitate it at his lectures as typical of the features of every Roman Catholic clergyman when listening to the disclosures of penitents who approach him in full ball costume. The Craven-street firm has not confined its transactions to one treatise. It is guilty of another pestilent collect, which we do not name for an obvious reason.

A move should be made to stop the propagation of vice by these flagrant means. Lord Campbell's Act is futile, though its provisions might be turned at least to some practical use if the police would make it their business to prosecute in fit cases. The miscreants who sell hideous photograph slides to private customers, do not perpetrate half the mischief caused by the proprietors of the journals and pamphlets to which we have referred. The latter sow the seeds of evil broadcast, and we see its fruits in our crowded hospitals, our disabled soldiers, our Priapean museums, in baby farming, and in the collateral employment which it gives our coroners. The revolting and devilish brutality of the compositions bought by working men, shop-boys, and servants, is as bad as anything written of by Juvenal, who was a pagan; and the worst of those compositions is patronized by an eminently Christian guild!

A PUNDIT of semi-Thibetan origin, and specially trained to take observations, and furnished with instruments ingeniously concealed, has made an exploration of Thibet, travelling along the great road which threads the country, living for some months in Lassa, and bringing back valuable additions to our geographical knowledge. The credit of the idea and plan of this adventure is due to Captain Montgomerie, R.E.

# SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

NO wonder the House of Commons was crowded on Thursday afternoon to see the new First Lord of the Treasury, and to hear so much of his Ministerial programme as it was permitted for us to know. If John Philip had been spared to sketch the scene, would not a picture of "Vivian Grey," making his first speech as Prime Minister of England to the assembled Commons, have been a subject worthy of his canvas? It was a romantic incident in our Parliamentary history to which few members were insensible; and if it could be handed down to posterity with due fidelity of portraiture and the "sympathetic adhesion" of his attentive audience visible in their faces, the picture would possibly interest many succeeding generations of Mr. Disraeli's countrymen. Thirty years ago he told the House—"The time will come when you will hear me." They have listened to him many times since then. On Thursday they heard him more attentively than ever; for had he not become the chief subject of the realm?

Leaving the Ministerial explanation to be considered hereafter, and reverting to the whispers of our Parliamentary Babel, it may appear unaccountable that before our Premier reached Osborne, there were rumours that the new Government would be "out" before Easter. There is a grim earnestness on the Liberal side on the subject of Ireland which bodes ill to a Cabinet that may be disposed to palter with the danger, or which may possibly find its only security against disruption in the Fabian policy of delay. On the other hand, an ominous rumour is afloat that the new Premier stipulated at Osborne for the usual power of dissolving Parliament in the event of any "factious opposition" to his Irish measures. This would bring down upon us the penal consequences of two general elections within twelve months—a threat more potent than any Prime Minister has had in his armoury for many years. The result is that among time-servers and Liberals of Tea-room proclivities one hears it said:—"We have quite enough to do this session, without undertaking to settle the questions of the Irish Church and Irish Land Tenure on a comprehensive basis. We are a month behind our work. The Army estimates are delivered, but not a single vote in supply has been taken. The Scotch Reform Bill has not yet been read a second time; but it ought to receive the Royal assent as soon as possible, in order that a Scotch Boundary Bill may be passed during the present session. The Irish Reform Bill is not yet introduced. The English Boundary Bill must be passed before the elections take place under the new Reform Bill. A Corrupt Practices Bill of some kind must be agreed to during the present session. The English mercantile classes imperatively demand an amendment of the present Bankruptcy Law. And lastly, the Government have in hand an Education measure."

Here, it is alleged, is plenty of legislative business to occupy the session. Yet the Earl of Mayo, as we are assured, was ready on the Tuesday night on which Lord Derby's resignation was made known, to promulgate the Irish policy of the Derby Government, including, as we are told by the Duke of Richmond, measures of legislation upon the Irish Church as well as Tenant Right. It may turn out, however, that these are measures which the Government did not expect to pass, and that, after long debates, the new Premier may fall back upon the lateness of the session and the state of public business, and represent that Irish grievances will be most fitly discussed in a Parliament in which the more disaffected classes of Irishmen will be more widely represented than in the present House of Commons.

No subject has been more frequently discussed at the clubs in connection with recent Ministerial changes, than the probability of an offer to Lord Cranborne to accept a peerage and the leadership of the Conservative party in the Lords. It has just been announced, upon some show of authority, that Mr. Disraeli has made no overture either to General Peel, Lord Carnarvon, or Lord Cranborne, to take office in his Cabinet. Another story is that Mr. Disraeli had an interview with General Peel before he waited upon her Majesty at Osborne, and that the General promised the new Premier a frank and cordial support, except in regard to the Reform Bills for Scotland and Ireland. That General Peel has to some extent separated himself from the Tory "Cave" was suspected when the House met on Friday for adjournment until Thursday. General Peel on that occasion passed by the front Ministerial bench below the gangway, where he has hitherto sat, and, leaving Lord Cranborne in possession of it, repaired to a back bench—below the gangway, it is true, but in a less prominent position. This may have been accidental, but it is one of those straws which determine the direction of Parliamentary gossip. General



Peel, until he was literally dragged out of Lord Derby's Cabinet by Lord Cranborne's stronger will, served under Mr. Disraeli with great loyalty. Two or three sessions ago he made, during Mr. Disraeli's absence from the front Opposition bench, two or three speeches so spirited in manner and so decisive in tone that a rumour got abroad that "General Peel was about to succeed Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the Tory party." The rumour found its way into a country paper, and thence into some of the London journals. It came to my knowledge at the time that as soon as General Peel saw the rumour in print he called upon Mr. Disraeli to express his annoyance that anything he had said or done should have caused such a rumour. Of course, the General disavowed very warmly, and, as he was assured by his leader, very unnecessarily, any intention to supplant or replace him. General Peel has spirit, ability, and weight enough to lead a party, but he has too much modesty of character to attempt it, and he certainly would not set about it in an underhand way. It may be set down as tolerably certain that when the General expresses his willingness to return to the War Office a vacancy will be made for him. Sir John Pakington can turn his hand to anything.

So far from sending Lord Cranborne to the House of Lords, I hear it said that it will be an evil day for Mr. Disraeli when, in the course of nature, he will be obliged to leave the Lower House. There he is comparatively harmless. He is in a minority. When he speaks he can be answered. The new Premier's tone towards him is decidedly patronizing, reminding the hearer indeed of the affectionate and admiring fashion in which Mr. Fagin used to address his juvenile *protégés*. When Lord Cranborne fires off some bitter sarcasm or spiteful innuendo at the Treasury Bench, Mr. Disraeli exclaims to the House—"A very clever boy, my dears! If he goes on in this way, he'll be the greatest man of the time." During the Reform Bill discussions and divisions of last year, Lord Cranborne and the secessionists played Mr. Disraeli's game, and rendered him, without intending it, the greatest service. The Radicals and mutineers of the Tea-room could not help thinking they were right in going into the lobby with the Government when they saw Lord Cranborne and the high-flying Tories voting against the Bill. They may now render Mr. Disraeli similar help by voting against him on the Irish Church.

It would be more difficult to circumscribe Lord Cranborne's powers of mischief in the House of Peers. There he might lead a party of disaffected Tory peers. The elements of mutiny are known to exist in many quarters, and Lord Derby's personal entreaties have, it is said, been necessary to induce some of his recent colleagues in the Upper House to take office under Mr. Disraeli. \*Lord Ellenborough's speech, the other day, in defence of the Protestant Church in Ireland; Lord Carnarvon's speeches, last session, on the Reform Bill; and the majority of Tory lords which followed Lord Cairns and beat the Government in Committee on the Bill, may be cited as proofs that leaders would not be wanting, and that a strong Tory party might be formed in the Upper House which would seriously embarrass the Government and encourage Tory dissentients in the Commons. Perhaps it is well for the Peers that Lord Cranborne is not at present a member of the Upper Chamber. They might be instigated to adopt an obstructive and reactionary course of policy which would bring them into collision with the entire House of Commons, and bring the question of Peerage Reform into disagreeable prominence.

The death of Lord Wensleydale has aptly revived the question of life-peerage, which was fought over his portly and respected person. Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Campbell, and the other law lords succeeded in preventing the late peer from taking his seat as a life-peer, upon a technical objection which did not affect the right of the Crown to appoint life-peers, but only intercepted them on their way to the table to take their seats. The necessity of strengthening the appellate jurisdiction having been truly urged by Lord Chancellor Cranworth as a reason for creating Lord Wensleydale a life-peer, the law lords brought in a Bill appointing two deputy speakers, whose salaries were to be paid by the Lower House, and distinctly limiting the right of the Crown to confer more than four life-peerages under the Bill. Lord Palmerston, with an indifference to principle and a weakness for getting through the session with the least possible controversy which characterized the latter years of his life, accepted the Bill. The Liberal members, however, outvoted the Government and the Opposition together. The Bill was thrown out, and the great constitutional principle remains, to be fought out whenever the Tory majority in the Lords requires to be brought into harmony with modern opinions. Perhaps the question of a reform of the House of Lords may demand the attention of the first Reformed Parliament. Mr.

Lowe does not appear to regard it as a purely theoretical and speculative topic, or he would not have put it in the van in his election address to the graduates of the University of London.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE new Premier made his *début* on Thursday evening. The House of Commons was crowded with an eager and expectant audience, who did not, however, hear much to gratify their curiosity. Mr. Disraeli was as uncommunicative to them as he had been but a few hours before to the Conservative members whom he assembled at his official residence in Downing-street. The prevailing tone of his address was one of profound humility, which was open to at least a suspicion of insincerity, although there is no reason to doubt that he told the truth when he informed the House that the difficulty of forming a new Administration had been in his case aggravated by peculiar and personal circumstances. With his usual tact he put Lord Derby in the foreground, and made it his most prominent claim upon the confidence of his supporters that his own views and those of the noble earl were in all respects identical. If the doubts of the Conservatives could be disarmed, nothing could be more likely to effect that object than his assurance that the policy of the Cabinet would undergo no alteration in consequence of the change of its chief. It was almost a matter of course that he should on such an occasion indulge in some conventional platitudes about the merits of his colleagues, and there are solid reasons why he should at the present time make the most of Lord Stanley's merits as Foreign Minister. Still, we could willingly have seen these commonplaces supplemented by some more distinct statement of policy than the promise which naturally excited the laughter of the House, that in domestic matters the course of the Government would be one of true liberality. Although it is in its way satisfactory to know that they will not shrink from any changes which are rendered necessary by the circumstances of the age, there are very few politicians who would not vouchsafe us a similar assurance; and it would certainly have been more to the purpose if he had condescended upon a few particulars as to the cases in which he admits the necessity of innovation. With regard to Ireland, for example, the House would willingly have received some information as to the views of the First Minister; but on this point all information was reserved until Tuesday next, when Lord Mayo is to state the intentions of the Government in full detail. Until then, we must wait with what patience we may. In the Upper House the Earl of Malmesbury made a short statement, the sum and substance of which was, that nothing was changed in the Ministry but the Prime Minister, and that the Government would continue to be animated by the spirit of Lord Derby. This provoked from Earl Russell a spirited but rather spiteful retort—that if that was the case so much the worse for the Government, since no confidence could be placed in a set of politicians who, by their own showing, have for years been saying one thing and meaning another on the question of Parliamentary Reform.

THE speech in which the King of Prussia prorogued the Prussian Parliament looks favourable for the peace of Europe. "In its foreign relations," said his Majesty, "my Government has incessantly endeavoured to exert its influence for the preservation and consolidation of the peace of Europe, and I am able to state with satisfaction that those endeavours, inasmuch as they were participated in by the Governments of foreign Powers, in the most friendly and conciliatory manner, bore in themselves the guarantee of success." Four days after this, the Bill fixing the contingent for the army at 100,000 men came on for discussion in the French Legislative Body, and M. Rouher stated that the relations of France with foreign Powers were excellent, and that the clouds which had begun to appear, and which had caused various alarming reports, were now entirely dispelled. But in the same sitting, Marshal Niel said:—"Next spring the whole French army will be armed with the new rifle, the most perfect known. In consequence of its adoption in France, all the other Powers are obliged to reform their armaments. France has a two years' start of them, which is a great thing, considering the events which have been accomplished in Europe. Protected by this strong organization, the country may devote itself in security to the labours of peace." But France has no need of any security for the prosecution of such labours. She is threatened



by no danger; and why Marshal Niel should congratulate her as having two years' start of the other Powers for warlike purposes, if Government means peace, we do not understand.

THE Expedition is still slowly making its way to Magdala, and an undated telegram from Sir Robert Napier to Sir Stafford Northcote reports the prisoners there safe and well up to the 17th of January, and those in Theodore's camp up to the 9th. The latter have been made over to a detachment of the King's army, to be escorted to Magdala, the King finding his progress thither very slow, owing to his incumbrances. The special correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs, under date the 12th ult., that all the prisoners were in Magdala, and that the British advance guard had arrived within two marches of Antalo. In Magdala it was reported that Menelek, King of Shoa, was advancing upon the former place for the purpose of acting against Theodore, of whose views or purposes at the present crisis nothing was known. A Suez telegram of the 28th ult. gives the number of Menelek's troops at 40,000.

THE correspondent of the *New York Herald* in London has forwarded to the *Times* a despatch which he received on Wednesday. It is dated Antalo, Feb. 15, and states, amongst other things, that Wacheite [*sic*] and Menelek had surrounded Magdala; that Theodore was advancing with 30,000 men, but could not march more than three miles a day; that news had been received from the prisoners "last week," and that all were well; that the advance brigade was fifteen days' short marches to Magdala, and that there was "no forage beyond Antalo." Napier was to meet Kassai of Tigre on the 20th, to propose peace, when there was to be a grand review of native chiefs. The despatch further states that the envoy from Kassai had been badly treated by Merewether, and that peace was doubtful. Moreover, stragglers were being shot, three English officers had disappeared, and the enemy had horribly mutilated six Arabs whom they had shot.

THE special correspondent of the *Daily News*, describing his journey from Senafé to Gouna-Gouna, gives a glowing description of the food-resources of the country. "Large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats were to be seen in this day's journey. The country was literally teeming with meat, the cattle being of most excellent quality, and with the flesh properly distributed." Writing two days later (Feb. 5), from Attegerat, he speaks of the fertility of the land, the large numbers of cattle to be seen, and the abundance of grass; and he adds that "The country which has been surveyed for two marches ahead is reported difficult, but cattle, grass, and water are abundant."

Is it not a shame, when we can send a message to New York and receive an answer the same evening, that we should have no such means of communicating with Bombay and Calcutta, except through the friendly offices of other Powers? Both from a commercial and a political point of view, it is of vital importance that we should have such means of communication at our disposal. In the Indian mutiny it would have been of incalculable value to us, and we feel the want of it in our expedition to Abyssinia. An association offers to lay a submarine cable of 3,500 nautical miles in length, and to do all that is necessary to its working, if Government will guarantee 5 per cent. on the requisite capital. Can there be a doubt as to the propriety of such a guarantee being given; or as to the safety of giving it when we consider that 30,000 messages, averaging thirty words each, were sent last year to India by the present line of telegraph, which, in addition to its not being the direct line, is constantly subject to mischance from the fact that in its passage through Turkey and Persia, its management is in the hands of natives.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON is to stand the fire of two impeachments. One charges him with having violated the Tenure of Office Act, by his order removing Mr. Stanton from the Secretaryship of War, and appointing his successor without the consent of the Senate; the other with having violated the Army Bill, by trying to induce General Emory to obey orders not sent through General Grant. The reporter of the *Cincinnati Commercial* writes to that paper, and says that he had seen the President, and discussed with him the subject of his impeachment. "Do they seem to be very rabid

about impeachment this time—worse than they were before?' inquired the President. 'I think the thing is a little stronger than it was,' I replied; 'they are getting desperate, and they want to put you out so as to put Ben Wade in, and get control of the Federal patronage for the next Presidential election.' 'Well,' said the President, 'let them go ahead; when they bring in the charges I'll try to answer them, that's all;' and he laughed as if he didn't believe the charges would ever come." But they have come. The *Times* of Tuesday says that, in consequence of a doubt thrown upon the intelligence which had been received through Reuter's agency, of the impeachment of President Johnson, it telegraphed, on Monday afternoon, at five o'clock, by the Atlantic cable, to a trustworthy authority at New York, and received at eleven o'clock the same evening the following reply:—"Trial will go on next week. Party is united." To New York and back in six hours!

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to a peculiar sort of grievance which he says has sprung up lately in clubs. He first attacks the evening dress of gentlemen as ugly and inconvenient, and then complains that custom is imposing it not only upon us in the company of ladies, but in our clubs, where men are supposed to be free from many social restraints. "Club dinners," writes "Discinctus," "and similar social meetings for men, are meant for the purpose of free and pleasant resort after a day of occupation. A tired man wants to move as soon as he can after his business, or his subsequent lounge, to the scene of refreshment." "Discinctus" then continues, that dining clubs are suffering from this fashion, and that men would attend them more frequently if they could sit to table at seven o'clock in their walking clothes. It appears to us that, on this important subject, "Discinctus" is on the wrong side. Most people who dine, and do not merely feed, are in the habit of dressing for dinner regularly, not only because it is the right thing to do, but because it is decidedly the pleasantest. Those who are engaged in business, or those who are occupied with the business of pleasure, have a keen sense of the enjoyment of returning after their work and casting off completely the uniform, so to speak, of their respective occupations. It adds in society to the appearance of a table to have the male guests dressed in one pattern, and the dusky-black, hideous as it is in itself, helps to set off the bright colours and the freshness of the women's costumes. There is a physical comfort also in changing clothes in the evening, and "Discinctus," if he gave himself the trouble of correcting the mere habit of indolence in preparing for those little reunions, which probably lies at the root of his objections, would soon experience a sensible pleasure from the modern custom. The more we bring amongst each other the manners and observances which are common in the drawing-room, the more tolerable and pleasant will club society become. The savage manners of the old coffee-houses were repeated and continued in the earlier clubs. The freedom had a certain charm for Bohemians of all classes, but it has been driven out by an improved taste in the style of the places of meeting, and by a desire on the part of most persons to avoid the hard drinking and the coarse eating of the old times. At West-end clubs the members are properly supposed to dress for their home-dinners every day, and if they use the club for dining, it is only natural they should appear in them as they would in their own homes. Besides, "Discinctus" will find that there are numbers of agreeable and respectable little clubs in which the white tie is rarely seen, except when men turn in for supper or seltzer after an opera or theatre. A man may also dress at his club "without making complicated and troublesome arrangements." A small portmanteau left at the club in the morning will contain everything requisite.

A GENTLEMAN has sent us a prospectus of a school for girls which seems to contain an exhaustive list of educational appliances. There are six resident teachers at this establishment, and no less than "twelve visiting masters regularly engaged." Sketching from nature goes on twice a week, and a dozen pianos insure that the ladies shall not want instruments to practise on. Painting is taught daily, and Latin three times a week. A sergeant-major from the army instructs in drilling. "The pupils are restricted to French conversation twelve hours a day." "No effort is spared to render the whole course of instruction of the highest order and utility, the system pursued being calculated to induce industry, good morals, and sound religious duties, with the formation of lady-like habits." The correspondent to whom we are indebted for this wonderful document writes over it, "What sort of wives should we have?" Certainly a girl who knows French, German, Italian,



Latin, drilling, dancing, drawing (including sketches from nature), who is industrious, lady-like, with good morals and sound religious principles, ought to satisfy the most fastidious aspirant to matrimony. We observe, however, a serious omission in the above-quoted document: nothing is said about the "use of the globes," without which we thought a young lady's education would be incomplete.

THE letter which Sir Charles Trevelyan has written on the subject of drunkenness in the army, ought to attract the immediate attention of those who are interested in military reform. Nothing will tend to mitigate this and other evils of the army, but the rendering of the condition of the soldier more respectable. Marriage ought to be placed more within his reach, the term of service might be advantageously shortened, the prospect of promotion from the ranks should not be as now an almost impossible thing, and an occupation during idle hours should be provided. As it is, the amount of leave given the soldier during the day, and the convenient system of the canteen, makes his demoralization almost certain. The continuance of certain degrading punishments in the service also doubtless tends to lower its tone, and lead to an increase of the vice exposed in the letter of Sir C. E. Trevelyan.

THE keeping of lunatics used to be at one time a profitable trade, but the Legislature interfered with the people engaged in it until they were obliged to give some sort of security for the way in which they were likely to conduct themselves towards their charges. Recently, however, we had a case in which a man used two wretched creatures for the purpose of deriving an income out of them—converting one into a household drudge, and leaving the other in a shameful state of neglect. He was sentenced to a fine of £100 and two months' imprisonment for the first offence, a fine of £100 and six months' imprisonment for the second offence, and to be kept in gaol until the money was paid. This punishment was scarcely severe enough. Hard labour during imprisonment should have been added.

MR. JOHNSTON, an Orange magnate, is to be locked up for a month, and then to find securities in large sums for two years for his good behaviour, in consequence of asserting the principles and processions of his order in defiance of the law. Every friend of Ireland will rejoice at this, as there is little to choose between Orange rowdism and Fenian ruffianism, except that the patrons of the former have opportunities of knowing better. It might be wished, but for the sake of our colonial relatives, that all the Orangemen of Ulster and all the Fenians of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught would ship themselves off to Canada, and fight each other to their hearts' content. If the result of the combat resembled that which ensued upon the famous battle of the Kilkenny cats, Ireland would not have cause to regret it.

THE night attacks in Munster are ugly instances of history repeating itself. In '98, however, they were carried on much more vigorously than in these degenerate times. It is to be hoped that the Irish gentry will be well prepared to shoot down the miscreants who surround peaceable houses at night for the purpose of bullying the inhabitants into giving them arms. It would seem, with all the talk we hear of the Government's readiness to deal with disturbances, that Cork must be very inefficiently patrolled. The attempt on Mr. Leslie's dwelling, made between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, was a failure only because of the courage displayed by that gentleman and his servants. The police, although a bell was rung to hurry them, did not arrive until the whole affair was over, and the Fenians well out of sight.

MR. TRAIN'S career as a lecturer has been suddenly cut short by his being locked up in the Dublin City Marshalsea for a sum of £890. We trust the nationalists of Ireland will come forward and pay this little sum for the future President of America, so as to enable him to pursue his career of instruction and amusement throughout the country. Will Mr. Train issue poetical bulletins from his dungeon similar to those with which he was inspired when the police sieged him in Queens-town? Mr. Train's "manager" offered to return the money which had been taken at the door of the Rotunda for the expected lecture, but as nearly all those present were admitted for nothing, there was a difficulty about this part of the busi-

ness. "Some got their money back, and others were to call on the manager at his residence." Meanwhile Mr. Train is in durance, not for treason, but for debt, and for the present is unable to prosecute his claim against the British Government for £100,000.

MR. SULLIVAN, the proprietor of the *Nation* newspaper, has written from his prison to the Lord Mayor of Dublin to resign his seat as a member of the Town Council. But the Corporation have declined to accept this resignation, even though, by one of its bye-laws, a member absent from the city for three months, unless by leave of the Council, forfeits his seat. Mr. Sullivan will be absent for six months, and the Council cannot give him leave without involving itself and him in an absurdity. Is their refusal to accept his resignation due to their respect for the man, or to their sympathy with the offence for which he has been imprisoned?

THE traffic on French Railways for the month of February, 1868, shows an increase of four millions as compared with the corresponding month of 1867, although in the latter period occurred the preparations and arrivals for the Exhibition. The line from Paris to the Mediterranean is the chief contributory to this improvement. *L'Opinion Nationale* states that the increase on the West and North lines is due to the influx of English goods. "It is certain," it says, "that the English are getting rid of unsold merchandise, the stock of which encumbered them. For them, who are merchants in the fullest acceptance of the word, there is no worse scourge than dulness of trade; they prefer to sell at a loss to not selling."

AN Indian prince presenting the people of London with a drinking-fountain, is a graceful return for the number of wells we have dug at the expense of the natives in India. The fountain at Stanhope-gate is a pretty work of art, and cost £1,200. A writer in *Notes and Queries* communicates a strange fact in connection with those admirable conveniences. It appears that a fountain erected at the end of Sloane-street spouts right over the spot on which a suicide was buried many years ago. The writer mentions that the formula of the stake, and all the rest of it, was observed on the occasion, and that he never passes the spot without a "sensation."

Is it not time to reconsider the question of Female Factory Labour, with a view still further to limit the hours of female labour, reducing them from ten to eight? At present a woman rises at five a.m., and works from six till six p.m., taking two hours meantime for her meals. Surely this is excessive labour for a woman, and in the case of married women must help greatly to increase the rate of infant mortality. A woman cannot feed and tend infants and children when she is out at a mill from five a.m. till six p.m., peeping in at home at breakfast and dinner time, and rushing off again with part of her meal in her hands or apron, to be eaten on her way back to the factory. The result is that her children, intrusted to the care of strangers, for the most part incapable through age of attending to them properly, grow up weakly and rickety, or do not grow up at all. This is a species of infanticide which calls for a remedy, and should have it.

THE Associated Chambers of Commerce have passed resolutions to the effect that a thorough reform of the English law of Bankruptcy is urgently needed, with a view to the more speedy and economical realization and distribution of estates, and to the suppression of fraud; that the provisions of the Scottish law of Bankruptcy have proved eminently successful in accomplishing these objects, and that in any measure for the reform of the law of Bankruptcy its provisions should be copied as closely as possible. If, however, the Government Bill, as is alleged, has been drawn partly by solicitors practising in the Court of Bankruptcy, the prospect of such a reform is not hopeful.

THE number of girls who presented themselves at the Cambridge local examinations held at eleven towns was 232. The first place was obtained by an Irish girl. The candidates were divided into juniors and seniors, the juniors being under sixteen, and the seniors under eighteen years of age. Of the senior girls only one, the first, got a first-class, and only four a second. The winner of the chief place and her sister hold scholarships in the Ladies' College, Bedford-square, London.



THE people at the Hebrides seem as badly off in the matter of postal communication as they were in the days of Johnson's tour. A correspondent of the *Globe* says that a letter posted at Oban takes nine days to reach Stornoway, and the same time from Edinburgh. "The steamer very frequently arrives at midnight on Saturdays, and is off again before any reasonable person has time to answer a letter. The owners tell you they care not for the mails, and hence they are at liberty to sneak into any corner between this and Glasgow which offers them a few sheep or bags of oysters." The Post Office has a large surplus, which it might spend judiciously in paying its underpaid clerks and in perfecting its arrangements in out-of-the-way places.

WE should like to have a calculation made as to the weight (avoirdupois) of the novels published within the last twelve months. It would amount to something considerable. Mr. Punch throws out a hint for a novel-company, in which the different branches of the art might be divided among experts; and if the idea would save us a large amount of ignorant "tentatives," in which even the rudimentary principles of literature are neither understood nor respected, we should be glad to see some machinery like that suggested by Mr. Punch set in motion.

SOME interesting experiments have been made recently in the Queen's Barracks, Perth, for the purpose of testing the practicability of using limelight instead of gas in the Perth barracks. An apparatus about twenty feet high was erected in the square, having at the top an appliance for showing off the light and a reflector. When the flame was applied, the whole square was illuminated, and small print could be read with ease 100 yards off. The War Office despatched a scientific gentleman to report on the result of the experiment, and it is said the Government intend using the limelight at Aldershot, and in various barracks throughout the country.

MR. SPEKE'S physicians write to the *Times* to say that the reverend gentleman "appears to have been suffering for a long time under a depressing form of hypochondriasis, which dominated his whole mind." It would seem also that he was the victim of the advice of quacks, to whom he applied for pills to purge his melancholy. Considering the positive character for balance and prudence given to Mr. Speke by his friends, we are a little puzzled at the bulletin of the doctors; but the subject is not worth any further guessing.

It would seem that Royalty does not disdain to notice the professors of comic singing, and the "Jolly Nash" boasts of having exhibited his elegant jollity in the presence of the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness has also been to see Finette at the Lyceum. Would not a combination of these attractions be a fashionable speculation for a manager? The enterprise might almost count upon the support of the aristocracy when the heir to the throne led the way.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE STATE CHURCH IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The prominence which the question of Church disendowment in Ireland has assumed, both in and out of Parliament, will apologize for my calling your attention to the present movement in support of the Establishment, and to the pleas which, during the month, have been ostentatiously paraded in its behalf in the English and Irish newspapers.

It cannot, I think, have failed to strike the public that on one vital point the champions of the State Church in Ireland preserve a prudent silence. We do not find in their speeches, or in their Address to the Protestants, the slightest attempt to prove the justice or the honesty of seizing the whole ecclesiastical State revenues of a nation—revenues which in their very essence are a trust-fund for the benefit of the whole people—and diverting them to the use of a small fractional part (and that part the wealthiest) of the nation, of which the great majority is thus wickedly despoiled. It is not attempted by the State Church defenders to show that such a monstrous outrage upon the plainest principles of equity exists in any other country under the sun. But in place of a defence based on reason, on justice,

or even on precedent, we are given nothing better than vague declarations of a sacred zeal for Protestantism, vague denunciations of lay conspiracies and sacerdotal confederacies against national prosperity and peace, and earnest assurances that without the existing State endowment the Protestant religion would suffer detriment. Of the sacred zeal for Protestantism I should not complain, if it did not display itself in grasping the whole ecclesiastical state property of a country chiefly Catholic, and occasionally in evicting Catholic tenants to replace them with Protestants. Of the "conspiracies" and "confederacies" I shall only say that the worst conspirators against the peace of Ireland are the abettors of that unparalleled institution of which the great Edmund Burke said, "Don't talk of its being a Church! It is a wholesale robbery!" and of which Lord Brougham, in citing those words of Burke, declared that it outraged every principle of common sense and of justice; and that, except in Ireland, it could not be anywhere tolerated. To those timid Protestants who fear that their spiritual interests would sustain heavy loss by the withdrawal of the State endowment, I would put the question—Have you really so little faith in the divine energies of your religion, so little reliance on the force of what you deem heavenly truth, as to fear that your Church would be damaged by a deprivation which the Catholic Church has sustained without spiritual injury?

"The [Established] Church alone," says Lord Amberley, "requires to be supported by artificial props; she alone relies on political expedients to co-operate in enforcing her religious teaching. All Dissenters have sufficient faith in their own doctrines to believe that they can be maintained against the world without extraneous aid. Churchmen alone have so mean an opinion of their own Church as to imagine that she would be endangered by withdrawing the assistance of the State. If, however, the Church be really so rotten as they endeavour to represent, this is but a stronger reason for refusing to support her by artificial means. Exclusive privileges are bad enough under any circumstances, but they are intolerable when conceded to a body which, on the showing of its own friends, is so little respected by the people that it could not exist without them."—(Lord Amberley in the *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1865.)

There is a plea incessantly employed for the State Church in Ireland which will, of course, be reproduced in Parliament, and which Lord Oranmore thus stated at the Dublin meeting:—

"The Protestants of Ireland," said his lordship, "were a minority, but they were not an unimportant body. They claimed no small share of the intelligence of the country. They possessed the greater part of the property of the country. They possessed the greater portion of the energy, public spirit, and loyalty of the country." (Hear, and Kentish fire.)

If this modest statement be true, might we then not expect that the Protestant community, boasting their importance and their intelligence, possessing greater wealth than the Catholics, vaunting their superior energy and public spirit—might we not expect that this wealthy, energetic, intelligent, and spirited body would support their own Church for themselves, as the poorer Catholic community support theirs, instead of making piteous appeals to the State to uphold them in their shameful, dishonest, and irritating monopoly? Lord Oranmore continued:—

"He did not want to speak boastfully, but he would say, take the Protestant element out of Ireland, and who would live in it?" (Hear, hear.)

His lordship appears to imagine that the continuance of the Protestant element in Ireland depends on the continuance of the iniquitous monopoly in question. Colonel Knox Gore, who followed Lord Oranmore, announced that "the very essence of Protestantism was an adherence to the Book of God." To judge by the claims and tactics of the Church Defence Association, one would rather suppose that the essence of Protestantism was an adherence to the ecclesiastical State revenues.

We are often reminded that at a period previous to Emancipation, certain Catholic divines and laymen disclaimed an intention to attack the temporalities of the State Church. I have no doubt that the persons who disclaimed such a purpose were sincere in their disclaimer. But their words cannot alter the nature of the wrong; cannot act as a perennial salve for the chronic sore which that wrong creates in the Irish body politic. Lord Macaulay in 1845 dealt with this plea by contemptuously saying, "As if anything that anybody said fifty



years ago could absolve us from the plain duty of doing now what is best for the country!"

Emancipation, also, is named by the Church Association as a boon benevolently given to those who had no right to it. But Emancipation was *not* a boon: it was the tardy and reluctant payment of a debt; it was the readmission, so far as it went, of the Catholic subjects of the Crown to the privileges of a constitution originally founded by our Catholic predecessors.

It may be worth remarking, as a sample of the brains employed in compiling the defence manifesto, that the document, with marvellous logic, assumes that the "extinction of Protestantism" is contemplated, because a writer in some journal (not named) describes the settlement in the north, in the reign of James I., as "the infamous plantation of Ulster; which," says the address, "means, according to our understanding, that the Protestants of the north ought to be as speedily as possible banished from the land." Thus, because some writer denounces as infamous the expulsion of thousands from their homes and holdings two centuries and a half ago (a process, I fear, not very uncongenial to the minds of some of the associators), it is inferred that the extinction of Protestantism is intended, and that the banishment of modern proprietors is eagerly desired! This inference from the judgment passed by a writer on a remote historical event, is fairly characteristic of the sort of hazy thought that pervades the manifesto issued with Lord Bandon's signature. I do not know of any Catholic who wishes to expel the Protestants of Ireland. But I find that the expulsion, or the emigration, of large numbers of Catholics was announced by Lord Bandon at a State Church meeting held not long ago at Ballineen, and greeted with cheers by his audience. "The relative proportion of the Protestant population," said his lordship, "has enormously increased in your own county; the decrease in the population from 1841 to 1851 was 222,000, while the decrease in the Protestant population was only 5,000. (Cheers.)"—(*Cork Constitution*, 28th January.) To have got rid of 217,000 Catholics from the County Cork was a subject for Protestant cheers. But I never yet heard any Catholic rejoice over the decrease of the Irish Protestants from 852,000 in 1834, to 691,000 in 1861. I may here observe that notwithstanding the decrease of the Catholics in the County Cork, announced by Lord Bandon and cheered by his Protestant audience, the proportion of Catholics to Protestants of all denominations in that county was shown by the census of 1861 to have still been nearly eleven to one. The table that gives this result includes the population of cities and towns with that of their respective counties. Here I conclude for the present, requesting your permission to resume the subject in another letter.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
Kilcascan, co. Cork, Feb. 27. W. J. O'N. DAUNT.

#### THE POST OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—The article on the subject of the Post-Office Scandal inserted in your issue of last Saturday, has most properly directed public attention to a flagrant case of injustice and tyranny. Allow me to mention one circumstance respecting it, which your correspondent "Indignans" has not alluded to; and that is, that the two assistant superintendents immediately above the clerks, who come into direct contact with them, and who have the best and fullest opportunities of knowing every officer's capacity and character, were not called on for their reports respecting the five officers until several days after the matter was decided on, and three of them had been dismissed. This, sir, may be taken as a fair sample of the way in which matters are managed in this department of the public service. But alas! there are many other grievances in St. Martin's-le-Grand of which the public have no idea. Probably "Indignans" might tell you of many if he only chose to take the trouble. He might tell you, for instance, about the system of promotion adopted, and how it is intended to create three new assistant-superintendentships, and how there is a nice little plan for putting in three of the youngest officers on the establishment to fill these new appointments—over the heads of those who have laboured in the service for many years, and to whom promotion has become a right. Will the public allow this? Is there no independent member of the House who will call for an inquiry into these and other matters?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

#### THE "ALABAMA."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In the protracted discussions and correspondence on the *Alabama* question, Lord Stanley seems to have lost sight of the following fact, which, I cannot but think, would form a good foundation for a counter-claim to Mr. Seward's demand. I allude to the Fenian raid from which Canada suffered in the summer of 1866, whereby much valuable property was destroyed, the Government put to great expense, and several lives lost.

Unlike the persons involved in the *Alabama* case, these Fenians made no secret of their vile intentions, but drilled and paraded under the very eyes of the United States' authorities; collected arms and munitions of war, and at last committed the "overt act" which the authorities awaited before they could interfere! Then, indeed, they did interfere, but it was to protect these vagabonds (whom they claimed as citizens) from our troops, and from the punishment they so justly deserved at our hands; and though, upon their return to Buffalo, a pretence of arresting the raiders was made, it was but nominal. Shut up for a night or two, they were then allowed to escape, and the arms that were seized were speedily returned.

In contrast with this pusillanimity, view the stringent measures taken by the British Government, to prevent the equipping or sailing of privateers, and one cannot doubt how dispassionate men would give judgment.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Toronto, Feb. 17.

C. W. P.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MUSIC.

THE past week has been marked by one of those rare events which throw a gleam of brightness over the present dull prospects of creative musical art. In the absence of any great living instrumental composer, it is some compensation to receive the posthumous productions of those whose manuscript works have incomprehensibly been withheld until now from public hearing. Such was the case with Mendelssohn's noble "Reformation Symphony," the first hearing and several subsequent performances of which were duly noticed by us a few weeks since; and now we have to record an equally important and interesting event at the Crystal Palace Concert of Saturday last, when a grand symphony by Franz Schubert was performed for the first time in England—in all probability its first hearing in a complete shape anywhere. We have before spoken of the marvellous productiveness of a composer whose universality and versatility have only been thoroughly manifested during recent years. At the period of his death (in 1828, at the premature age of thirty-two), Schubert had become celebrated by a few of his admirable lieder, such as the "Erl-King," "The Wanderer," "Ave Maria," &c.—but it was not known then, as now, that he had composed the almost fabulous number of 575 songs; still less could it have been imagined that this extraordinary genius had produced, in his brief span of mortal life, works in every form of instrumental composition, besides operas, masses, cantatas, &c. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that Schubert—living at Vienna contemporaneously with Beethoven, and no doubt cast into shade at the time by the overpowering grandeur of that mighty genius—should have produced precisely the same number of orchestral symphonies as the great master by whose style he was much influenced, and his reverent admiration for whom probably absorbed all impulses of self-advancement. Nine such works by Schubert are now found to be in existence; the last being that which was made known in Germany many years since through the influence of Schumann and Mendelssohn. This has also been performed on various occasions in England, with special effect at the concerts of the Crystal Palace, to which institution we owe the first hearing of various other fine orchestral works of Schubert, especially the noble "Entr'actes" to the drama of "Rosamunde," the bright "Overture in the Italian style," and the two grand movements of a Symphony in B minor—all duly chronicled in the *LONDON REVIEW*. So great was the charm exercised by these works of genius, that the enthusiastic Secretary of the Crystal Palace, Mr. George Grove, undertook a special mission to Vienna last autumn, and returned with some important musical novelties, including the symphony of Haydn referred to in our last week's notice, and two manuscript symphonies of Schubert—No. 4 in C minor, composed in 1816; and No. 6 in C major, composed in 1818; the former being the work performed for the first time on Saturday last. This symphony,



entitled "Tragic" ("Tragische"), forms a most valuable and welcome addition to the list of orchestral concert music, and another cause for wonder and admiration at the inexhaustible fancy and unparalleled productiveness of its composer. Although its pervading character is that tender pathos and gentle melancholy which so largely coloured Schubert's temperament and his music, the style of the symphony is scarcely so demonstrative in bursts of passion as the title would seem to imply. The short commencing "Adagio," of pathetic and tranquil beauty, leads to an allegro full of sustained interest and alternating between passages of troublous agitation and gleams of bright melodious beauty like sudden and transient rays of sunlight breaking through surrounding gloom. The following "Andante" may almost compare with any symphonic movement in tenderness of expression and melodious delicacy—the reiteration of one simple passage, merely the three successive notes of the minor third, conveying a peculiar expression of gentle grief. The minuet is remarkably bold and well marked, and the last movement is wrought with a vigour, a variety of interest, and continuous power, to a grandeur of climax that leaves an impression of delighted satisfaction at this acquisition of a work of genius and beauty such as no living composer can approach. We hope soon to hear this fine symphony again, as well as the first performance of No. 6 in C major. Mdlle. Carola again appeared at the concert of Saturday, and was again favourably received in her two solos—the air "I will extol thee," from Eli, and an arrangement of one of Chopin's Pianoforte Mazurkas. Mdlle. Drasdil was the other vocalist, and the instrumental solo was a portion (the Larghetto and Rondo) of Hummel's Pianoforte Concerto in A flat, very cleverly played by Miss K. Roberts. The orchestral pieces, in addition to Schubert's symphony, were Beethoven's overture to "Egmont," and that to "Tannhäuser" by Wagner—all, it need scarcely be said, admirably performed.

We have received the programme of the preliminary arrangements for the forthcoming triennial Handel Festival, to be held, as before, at the Crystal Palace, in the month of June—the days fixed being Monday the 15th, Wednesday the 17th, and Friday the 19th; the great general rehearsal being appointed for the preceding Friday, the 12th. The directors judiciously adhere to the former practice of giving the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" on the first and third days—those works being admittedly the grandest of all Handel's oratorios, and most eminently representative of his powers. The second day, as on former occasions, will consist of a miscellaneous selection. The vast resources of the Sacred Harmonic Society and other London choristers and instrumentalists, with the large additions from provincial sources; the personal superintendence and direction of rehearsals and performances by Mr. Costa; and the excellent arrangement of business details by the Crystal Palace authorities, offer strong guarantees for success in this great undertaking. With the beginning of the month of June is to appear, by subscription, a fac-simile in photo-lithography, of Handel's manuscript score of the "Messiah," taken, by her Majesty's permission, from the original in the Royal library. The profits of the publication are to be shared between the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Royal Society of Musicians.

#### MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*Mendelssohn's Posthumous Works.* Op. 103, *Funeral March*. Op. 104, *Book 1, Three Preludes*. Op. 104, *Book 2, Three Etudes*. (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co.)—After long years of rigid prohibition, other and better influences seem now to be prevailing; and some of the many fine works left in manuscript by Mendelssohn are released from their seclusion and allowed to gladden the world of music, which certainly can derive no such high pleasure from any living source. Of the mournful beauty and exquisite pathos of the "Funeral March" we spoke on the occasion of its performance at the Crystal Palace Concert four weeks since, and have now to notice its publication, both as a solo and a duet for the pianoforte, excellently arranged by Herr Wüllner, who has skilfully conveyed the orchestral effects within the compass of two or four hands.

The Preludes and Studies belong to the class of pieces ordinarily called "Sketches;" a description aptly enough applied to such productions when emanating from ordinary composers. One of the principal characteristics, however, of great genius and high art-mastery is completeness and comprehensiveness, however small the form of composition. Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte" are special exemplifications of this truth—even the smallest of them, in the compass of a single page, has that stamp of sufficiency which appears to preclude the possibility

of continuation. A miniature by a great artist, or a sonnet by a great poet, may be as complete in its way as a grand historical picture, or an elaborate epic poem. These Preludes and Studies of Mendelssohn, held back for so many years, are peculiarly acceptable at a period when the dearth of creative musical genius, especially in instrumental composition, offers so little that rises above mediocrity. The first of these Preludes has almost as much importance of character as though it were the final movement of a sonata. The usual characteristic of preluding is indefiniteness; but here we have a distinct and pervading subject treated with the continuity and power of development belonging only to a master mind and hand. As an exercise, both in lightness and firmness of touch, and left-hand octave playing, it is most valuable, apart from its beauty as a composition. No. 2 is equally beautiful in its contrast of sustained melodic phrases, with a rapid *arpeggio* accompaniment, alternated between the two hands. No. 3 will be found most useful in promoting the equality of right and left hand in the execution of scale passages divided between each—a figure which is kept up with great vigour and animation, and continuous power. These Preludes were all composed at Leipzig, the dates being December 9, 1836; October 12, 1836; and November 27, 1836. The Études are at least equal to the Preludes; indeed, to the first Étude may, perhaps, be assigned the highest place in importance and musical interest. The prominent theme is a lovely melody, as expressively beautiful as one of its composer's "Lieder ohne Worte." This is sustained by rapid exchanges of the two hands, the left hand still maintaining a bass in octaves on the accented beats of the bar, and the right throwing out a continuous shower of bright *arpeggio* passages in brilliant contrast to the *cantabile* of the melody. Anything more beautiful of its kind, or more advantageous in practice, it is difficult to imagine. The second Étude is a piece of joyous impulse, in which the right hand is chiefly exercised in an almost continuous series of rapid triplet passages, requiring a light yet distinct and firm finger. The third Étude, if not quite so interesting as the others in its musical aspect, is quite as valuable as an exercise on a difficult and effective form of passage in which the thumbs of each hand are used with rapid alternation. These Études are dated, "Frankfort, June 9, 1836;" "Düsseldorf, April 21, 1834;" and "December, 1838." Each one of these Preludes and Études contains some special and distinct and important feature in the mechanism of the pianist's art, conveyed in music the charm of which is so great as to absorb all sense of drudgery in practice.

*Part Music.* Edited by John Hullah. (Longmans.)—No. 4 of the reissue of the Sacred series of this cheap publication contains movements by Zingarelli, Michael Haydn, and Antonio Lotti, adapted to words from our Psalms, Scriptures, and Church service. The tune of "Rousseau's Dream," here coupled with Heber's hymn, "Forth from the dark and stormy sky," is too much in the ultra-secular "pretty" style for such alliance, or for association with the other pieces in the number. Its appearance, however, is to be excused, if not justified, by the necessity for consulting various tastes in a publication whose cheapness addresses it to large numbers. The work is neatly printed, in score and parts, at a low price, very disproportionate to the general value of its contents.

*Hanover Square.* No. 5, for March. (Messrs. Ashdown & Parry.)—This shilling musical monthly maintains the character which it established on its first appearance. The present number contains three "Reveries-Valses," by Stephen Heller, to whom we owe so much pianoforte music of the romantic school. These pieces (taken, by permission of Messrs. Chappell, from forthcoming publications) have much of that grace and rhythmical power which distinguish most of Heller's music. A spirited and brilliant "Galop de Concert" by Mr. Walter Macfarren, and two pleasingly melodious songs, by Mr. J. L. Molloy and Miss Philp, complete the contents of the present number.

*The Contrabandista.* (Boosey & Co.)—Of the musical merits of this bright and sparkling comic opera, one of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's best productions, we spoke on the occasion of its production at the St. George's Opera House in December last, and also noticed the publication of separate songs from the work a fortnight since. We have here the opera entire, neatly printed, and issued at the price of four shillings.

A YOUNG singer, Linda Caracciolo, who has lately appeared in Florence, is highly spoken of as likely to make a sensation in the musical world. She is a pupil of Panofka.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## MR. DARWIN ON PANGENESIS.\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

In the second volume of his work Mr. Darwin deals with the two great problems on which his theory rests—variation and inheritance—and adduces a multitude of facts to support his case. As in the earlier portion of his argument, he forces his views upon the thoughtful student by the very weight and mass of the testimony he lays before him. Nevertheless, this part of his treatise, though more interesting than the earlier one, is really not so satisfactory to the general reader, because the successive minor steps in the controversy are indistinctly formulated. And we cannot help regretting that this is so, for, after all, it is to the educated public rather than the scientific world that the author is addressing himself; and we fear that ordinary persons, though they will find their prejudices overcome by the host of wonderful facts which Mr. Darwin brings forward, will lay down his book with an admission of the probability of the natural selection theory, but with a very confused notion of the processes of reasoning by which they have arrived at that conclusion.

Besides the two points on which the author dwells in the first portion of his second volume, and to which we have alluded, there is another branch of his subject on which, for the first time, he expresses his opinion, and it is to this that we think the highest interest attaches. The theory of Pangenesis is really the keystone to the philosophic arch which Mr. Darwin has completed, and it merits more than a passing notice. But as the questions of inheritance and variation precede it, let us hear what the author has to say on these. We wish we could afford our readers some of the evidence, but to give a portion would be of little service, and to deal fairly with it would take up more space than we can spare. It is out of our power to do more than state a few of the propositions which it seems to us are sufficiently proven. Even among Mr. Darwin's disciples there is some difference of opinion as to the relative influence of hereditary power and external influence in the production of variation. Some, indeed, contend that outer circumstances are alone responsible for the departure which an animal shows from its parent type; others hold that all tendency to variation is inherent. Mr. Darwin's view is, to a certain extent, intermediate between, but so far as we can perceive he looks upon all variation as *primarily* due to external influences, and not as resulting from a blind tendency in vital germs. Concerning the variation which is seen in the offspring of mutilated animals, his opinion is by no means clearly stated, but he evidently admits the possibility of such accidents producing an effect upon the progeny. In favour of such an influence he says:—

"Dr. Prosper Lucas has given, on good authorities, such a long list of inherited injuries, that it is difficult not to believe in them. Thus a cow that had lost a horn from an accident, with subsequent suppuration, produced three calves which were hornless on the same side of the head. With the horse there seems hardly a doubt that bony exostoses in the legs, caused by too much travelling on hard roads, are inherited. Blumenbach records the case of a man who had his little finger on the right hand almost cut off, and which in consequence grew crooked, and his sons had the same finger on the same hand similarly crooked. A soldier fifteen years before his marriage lost his eye from purulent ophthalmia, and his two sons were microphthalmic on the same side. . . . But perhaps the most remarkable and trustworthy fact is that given by Dr. Brown-Sequard, namely, that many young guinea pigs inherited an epileptic tendency from parents which had been subjected to a particular operation inducing in the course of a few weeks a convulsive disease like epilepsy; and it should be especially noticed that this eminent physiologist had reared a large number of guinea pigs from animals which had not been operated on, and not one of these manifested the epileptic tendency."

While he admits that variations are caused by external agencies, he shows that these agencies may be ranged under several distinct categories. Thus, we may have a direct effect produced, as in the cases above cited, resulting from mutilations, or the effect may lie dormant, like the properties of a seed, until in some future generation a new equilibrium may bring it out; or, again, it may be due to inter-crossing. The more distinctly established laws are five in number, and may be thus laid down:—

"Firstly, a tendency in every character, new and old, to be transmitted by seminal and bud generation, though often counteracted by various known and unknown causes. Secondly, reversion or atavism, which depends on transmission and development being distinct powers; it acts in several degrees and manners, through seminal and bud generation. Thirdly, prepotency of transmission, which may be

confined to one sex, or be common to both sexes of the prepotent form. Fourthly, transmission limited by sex, generally to the same sex in which the inherited character first appeared. Fifthly, inheritance at corresponding periods of life, with some tendency to the earlier development of the inherited character."

We have stated that the author regards external condition as mediately or immediately the *raison d'être* of variation; but our readers must understand that Mr. Darwin looks rather to the circumstances which have surrounded remote ancestors than to those of recent date for the explanation of divergence of structure. The following passage (p. 291) contains a definitive expression of his belief in this matter:—

"When we reflect on the millions of buds which many trees have produced before some one bud has varied, we are lost in wonder what the precise cause of each variation can be. Let us recall the case given by Andrew Knight, of the forty-year-old tree of the yellow magnum bonum plum, an old variety which has been propagated by grafts on various stocks for a very long period, throughout Europe and North America, and on which a single bud suddenly produced the red magnum bonum. We should also bear in mind that distinct varieties, and even distinct species—as in the case of peaches, nectarines, and apricots—although separated by a vast number of generations from any progenitor in common, and although cultivated under diversified conditions, have yielded by bud variation closely analogous varieties. When we reflect on these facts we become deeply impressed with the conviction that in such cases the nature of the variation depends but little on the conditions to which the plant has been exposed, and not in any especial manner in its individual character, but much more in the general nature or constitution inherited from some remote progenitor of the whole group of allied beings to which the plant belongs. We are thus driven to conclude that in most cases the conditions of life play a subordinate part in causing any particular modification; like that which a spark plays when a mass of combustibles burst into flame, the nature of the flame depending on the combustible matter, and not on the spark."

We must confess that we do not quite share the author's mode of viewing this question. Whether the influence be one which has lain latent or not, it is, of course, extremely difficult to determine. Indeed, the fact that in many cases the variation is a reversion to some ancient ancestor is suggestive of such latency; but then it might be assumed on the other side, that there is no proof of this dormant power, and it might be urged with no less propriety that a special set of conditions are associated with the manifestation of new structure. In any case, it is only in accordance with all physical teaching that the tendency, whether dormant or otherwise, should be the result of external operations. The fact of variation from injury to the tissues shows this. Moreover, the admission which Mr. Darwin makes further on, that use or disuse of organs leads to inheritance of corresponding modifications, seems to us to be an equally strong argument in favour of this view. The latency may, and doubtless does, occur; but Mr. Darwin will not, we should think, contend that the absence of associated external circumstances is in cases of variation a fact of an absolute order.

It will have occurred to the thoughtful reader, that in order to explain the foregoing laws and the phenomena to which they relate, some further hypothesis is necessary. Few who are accustomed to treat facts by a rigid system of scientific analysis would be content to accept so bald and metaphysical a *rationale* of hereditary variation as that which is given in the term "latent tendency." However congenial such a method of riding over reason may be to the old school of thinkers, who were content with theories of catalysis and phlogiston, it would find little favour from our modern biologists. Mr. Darwin has felt this, and he has advanced an hypothesis—that of Pangenesis—which, if it is not capable of mathematical demonstration, is at least fascinating from its simplicity, comprehensive in its grasp of facts, and withal singularly in accordance with the doctrines of recent physiology. Whewell says that, "Hypotheses may often be of service to science when they involve a certain amount of incompleteness and even of error," and the history of scientific progress in some measure bears this out. But Mr. Darwin's hypothesis is, we are disposed to think, one which will grow into a theory of universal application. We said Mr. Darwin's hypothesis—but we must observe that the theory is in great measure due to that wonderful insight into nature which Réaumur has given evidence of in all his writings. Mr. Darwin, in acknowledging that the theory of Pangenesis is an old doctrine in a new dress, in part attributes the merit of its conception to Bonnet. We think this is a mistake, and, as we have said, it is to Réaumur the debt is due. It would be doing Mr. Darwin a slight injustice to say that his hypothesis is identical with Réaumur's; but we will briefly lay the two doctrines before our readers, and let them judge for themselves. Pangenesis holds that the sperm and germ cells, which are converted into the future being, contain molecules

\* The Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S. Two vols. London: John Murray.



corresponding to every organ which the future animal will possess. In the course of their existence, the tissues of the parent—whether male or female—are perpetually throwing off minute particles, and these particles—organic atoms, we might term them—accumulate to form the ova and zoosperms, whose union sets what Quatrefages calls the *tourbillon vital* first a-going.

Réaumur's view, expressed in his "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Insectes," is thus epitomized in a recent work:—

"There is no such thing as real production; development is the only phenomenon to be recognised. Plants and animals which to us appear to be newly formed have always existed, but appear only when circumstances admit of their growing sufficiently large to be recognised by our senses. According to this doctrine, the butterfly which flies from flower to flower has lived since the creation of the world, and has possessed all its wings, proboscis, feet, scales, &c."

Such is the hypothesis of Réaumur. In many respects it is identical with Mr. Darwin's; but it differs in—what no doubt so far as natural selection is concerned is a feature of import—the fact that it holds to an eternal fixedness of character, which Mr. Darwin's theory would deny. For Réaumur the butterfly must ever be a butterfly, but for Mr. Darwin it may, in course of time, become anything within the range of the potentiality of variation.

The theory of Pangenesis, while it regards the ovum, or zoosperm, as made up of a number of molecules which have been, as it were, swept from the tissues by the violence of the blood currents, supposes that some of these may consist of ancestral atoms, and others may be the molecules of altered portions of the existing organism. We cannot touch on the beautiful relationship which this theory establishes between the otherwise heterogeneous facts which Mr. Darwin brings before us, but we would urge our readers to take up this portion of his book and examine it for themselves. We can only quote one remarkable illustration of Pangenesis, and it is in itself a host:—

"It was shown in the fifteenth chapter that certain characters are antagonistic to each other, or do not readily blend together; hence when two animals with antagonistic characters are crossed, it might well happen that a sufficiency of gemmules in the male alone for the reproduction of his peculiar characters, and in the female alone for the reproduction of her peculiar characters, would not be present; and in this case dormant gemmules derived from some remote progenitor might easily gain the ascendancy, and cause the reappearance of long-lost characters. For instance, when black and white pigeons, or black and white fowls are crossed—colours which do not readily blend—blue plumage in the one case, evidently derived from the rock-pigeon, and red plumage in the other case, derived from the wild jungle cock, occasionally reappear."

We have extended our notice further than we had intended, and yet we have only touched, and in outlines, upon the remarkable doctrines which Mr. Darwin seeks to establish. As we have said before, we by no means desire to slur over the weaker points in the author's case, and we are far from admitting that he has rigidly demonstrated his theory of the origin of species; but we should deal unfairly with both Mr. Darwin and our readers if we failed to express our opinion that the theory of natural selection is, of all scientific hypotheses, one which explains most of the facts with which it deals, which has secured the largest amount of support from naturalists of experience, and which involves the smallest degree of *prima-facie* improbability. Finally, that it is the theory which is most thoroughly corroborated by each newly stated fact, and without which we are left in absolute mystery as to the source of the legions of organic forms which now people our globe.

#### THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS AND ARBITRATION.\*

This is a very valuable contribution to the controversy which has grown out of the *Alabama* claims. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Bowen's views, no one can deny that they are supported with great ability and competent learning, and that his arguments are well worthy of consideration at the present time. It is clear that the United States will not allow these claims to die out. They may not be pressed for a time, but this is no cause for satisfaction on our part, since they are certain to be revived when it is least convenient to us to entertain them. So long as they exist they are a permanent and serious source of danger, and it should, therefore, be one of the first objects of our Government to bring them to an immediate settlement by any means not inconsistent with

our national honour and dignity. Of course it is not pleasant to have to make concessions. Nothing but a strong sense that we have done wrong, or, at any rate, that we have failed to do right, will induce Englishmen to do so, and Mr. Bowen, therefore, very properly commences his pamphlet by shortly stating the facts connected with the escape of the *Alabama* from Liverpool. Looking at these facts now, few persons will, we imagine, be disposed to deny that the Government of that day were culpably negligent in the tardy and perfunctory measures which they took with respect to this ship. It is clear from the depositions and affidavits which Mr. Bowen reprints, that at least ten days before she sailed on that "trial trip" from which she never returned, the authorities had the strong evidence before them that she was a man-of-war and not a merchant ship, that she was under the command of a well-known Confederate naval officer, and that, according to the general understanding amongst those on board her, she was to be employed in preying upon the commerce of the United States. And yet we not only suffered her to go to sea, but we did not, as we might have done, send a British man-of-war to pursue and, if possible, seize her, we did not deny her entrance into our ports, we did not even try the Messrs. Laird for the palpable violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act of which they had been guilty; in fact, we did not take a single step to vindicate our outraged neutrality. From whatever cause this inertness on our part sprang (and we do not mean to say that the conduct of Lord Palmerston's Government admits of no palliation), there can, we think, be no reasonable ground for doubt that it furnishes the United States with a strong ground of complaint against us; unless indeed we hold, with "Historicus," that a neutral nation is bound by no international rule to enforce her own neutrality; that her duty to do so is only a duty which, according to the practice of the civilized world, she may with impunity neglect. That, however, is a position which Mr. Bowen disputes most strenuously and with the most complete success. He not only shows that, according to international law—as according to common sense and common justice—the neutral is bound to moderate its own neutrality, as the only means of preserving the impartiality which it is bound to display towards the belligerents; but he convicts "Historicus" of grossly misapprehending or misstating the authorities on which he professes to rely. What ought we, then, to do under the circumstances in which we find ourselves placed? Notwithstanding that he shares the general, and we think the sound, opinion that we acted strictly within our right in conceding belligerent rights to the Southern States, Mr. Bowen does not hesitate to advocate our acceptance of arbitration on the terms proposed by Mr. Seward. He points out that it is an utter mistake to suppose that the American Foreign Secretary prefers a claim to indemnity on the ground of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality. His claims are solely on account of the damage done to the commerce of the United States by the *Alabama*. All that he desires is to use the proclamation as a topic showing our animus, and tending to induce the arbitrator to come to the conclusion that we did not do our best to prevent the escape of the ship from our ports. As Mr. Bowen well puts the case—and the view, we may add, is, so far as we know, a novel one—

"Assuming that the recognition of the South as belligerents was a political measure which we were strictly entitled to adopt—the only point, by the way, which the then law officers of the Crown could be called on to determine—it is no paradox to say that the promptitude we displayed in the recognition may well have a bearing on the issue whether England's subsequent behaviour touching the *Alabama* was as impartial and vigilant as it should have been. For the reasons detailed above, the writer does not believe Mr. Seward's letters can be fairly construed as a demand of damages for the recognition itself. His only claims are for losses caused by the escape of the *Alabama* and her imitators. In discussing these claims and losses, the United States desire to reserve full liberty of canvassing and criticising our tone and disposition from the first. They may even grant that in proclaiming our neutrality we were within our rights. Still, they may wish to urge that it was an unfriendly and ungenerous step. Nor would the friendliness or unfriendliness of our behaviour from the summer of 1861 downwards be so plainly immaterial to the question whether, in the summer of 1862, we dealt with the *Alabama* in a temper of scrupulous neutrality. The animus displayed in one year might illustrate or support the argument of negligence in the next."

On the double ground that the unsoundness of a claim is no reason for refusing to refer it, and also because Mr. Seward's position is not wholly unintelligible, it is submitted that our true policy would be to accept arbitration on Mr. Seward's conditions. A variety of other considerations tend in the same direction. It is desirable that England should as soon as possible escape from the false position which she occupies at

\* The *Alabama* Claims and Arbitration, considered from a Legal Point of View. By Charles S. C. Bowen, late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and Barrister-at-Law of the Western Circuit. London: Longmans.



present, as the defender of extreme rights on the part of neutrals, which would tell most destructively against us in the event of a maritime war; and it is on every ground expedient that we should terminate the dangerous estrangement between ourselves and the people of the United States.

"Finally, it should not be forgotten that to adopt the basis of arbitration, where England's interests are involved, is to take one step further in the direction of European peace and progress. Universal peace, sung of by poets, scoffed at by cynics, dreamed of by good men, is still hidden far beyond our sight, in the cloud-land of the future; but if we cannot hope to reach it, we may at least desire to move towards it. The Congress of Paris, which closed the Crimean war, recognised the value of the humane principle of arbitration—put forward in the first instance by England's envoys—and recommended it to Europe. It may be hoped that we are not going to move backwards by all these years. For every reason, for the sake of right and justice, as well as for the sake of English interests, it is to be desired that the protracted controversy should soon end."

Such are Mr. Bowen's views. In this portion of our paper we cannot discuss their soundness, either from a legal or political point of view, but we may bear willing testimony to the great literary merits of a pamphlet which is not more remarkable for the cogency of its well-ordered argument than for the grace, point, and occasional eloquence of its style.

#### CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP.\*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

IN our previous notice of Mr. Max Müller's work we promised a more special examination of his several essays on what he terms the science of religion. Of these the most interesting is that on the Vedas, where he is at home and has more to tell than he can say in his space. His feeling for the ancient Sanskrit literature and comparative distaste for almost everything else is curiously shown in the very first essay, in a passage too characteristic to be omitted:—

"Whatever the intrinsic value of the Veda, if it simply contained the names of kings, the description of battles, the dates of famines, it would still be, by its age alone, the most venerable of books. Do we ever find much beyond such matters in Egyptian hieroglyphics, or in cuneiform inscriptions? In fact, what does the ancient history of the world before Cyrus, before 500 B.C., consist of, but meagre lists of Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian dynasties? What do the tablets of Karnak, the palaces of Nineveh, and the cylinders of Babylon tell us about the thoughts of men? All is dead and barren, nowhere a sigh, nowhere a jest, nowhere a glimpse of humanity. There has been but one oasis in that vast desert of ancient Asiatic history, the history of the Jews."

Though there is force in this contrast between the Vedas and the other remains of old profane literature, it is here put too strongly. Even in the records of Assyrian tyranny, of a long line of monarchs who had no pleasures but in war and the chase, if these records tell the truth, there is yet a grand simplicity that places before us the old Asiatic idea of the great king whose word was death, the shadow of which still lingers at Constantinople loth to depart, still holds with a desperate energy the faded palaces of Teheran and Ispahan. It brings, too, in its actual representation of the utter woe of pillaged cities and ruined kingdoms, a sternly true and deeply pathetic, all the more so because unconscious, picture of the other side of Asiatic life, of the small states which shouted at the fall of Sennacherib, and when the Seleucid yoke was snapped by the Maccabæan heroes. In the old Egyptian sepulchral inscriptions, where the passer-by is implored to say a prayer, in the mystical incoherent jargon of the Book of the Dead, through which here and there is seen the bright hope of a better life, the earnest conviction of a future judgment, in the fanciful tale of the "Two Brothers," and the solid philosophy of Ptah-hotep, is much that even a Vedic scholar ought to feel to be most human. Here, as everywhere, Mr. Max Müller is too exclusively Iranian. Indeed, to a scholar who is not directly acquainted with the Vedas, their peculiar Indian atmosphere has that very repellant quality that the essayist finds in cuneiform and hieroglyphic inscriptions. One can, however, readily forgive partiality when the writer is partial because he knows his subject, and this is precisely the case with Mr. Max Müller and the Vedas.

The essays on Zend studies are scarcely as much calculated to arrest and hold the reader's attention. They are rather expositions of what Dr. Haug has done than fresh epitomes of what is stored in the writer's mind. Zendic literature no doubt very nearly touches Mr. Max Müller's special territory,

but it is by no means within the domain of Sanskrit. The language and the thoughts are alike different.

The interesting papers on Buddhism, more especially that which deals with Indian materials, show a wider range of sympathy than the first passage we have cited would seem to imply; not, indeed, that Buddhistic literature is there included in its sweeping condemnation, but because it would be easy for a mind not readily detached from the faults and corruptions of systems, to fail to recognise that real beauty which is, indeed, but scarcely traceable in the modern forms of Buddhism. The quotation from the Lalita-Vistara, which Mr. Max Müller gives as a specimen of Buddhistic composition, is as tiresome in matter and style (as he admits) as such a work could be. Yet from this and like records it is possible, as he has done, to extract deeply interesting information on one of the most remarkable philosophic changes the world has known. Here, as in Egypt and Assyria, we must consider the matter rather than the manner.

The essay on Semitic monotheism is to us not the most satisfactory of its class. The subject is one on which Mr. Max Müller must speak from the information of others, and the result is timidity and indistinctness. Thus, while doubting M. Renan's theory that the Shemites were monotheists as a race, and, it may be added, substituting for monotheistic instinct, the not very different term of henotheistic intuition, he fails to hit the true character of Shemite polytheism. Instead of being the result of a vague generalization, it is the result of an inability to generalize, and to base it upon grammar and the peculiarities of language is extremely hazardous.

We may now take up the next group of essays, those on comparative mythology, that attractive subject which Mr. Max Müller has greatly tended to popularize in this country. But here, once more, we must caution the reader against too implicitly following a leader whose ideas are markedly Iranian. What applies to Greek and Sanskrit mythology is not always true of the mythology and tales of the speakers of other languages. The mind of the Semitic race is very different from that of the Iranian; and as to that of the so-called Turanian races, the difference is so vast that a common criticism seems to be sure of nothing but failure.

The long essay on comparative mythology, which ought rather to be called an essay on the comparative mythology of the Iranian nations, especially as elucidating Greek mythology and legends,—this remarkable essay will be read again by many with great pleasure. The philological element is certainly extremely strong in it, but it is here in its right place. To trace Greek myths to their source, and so to discover their real meaning, cannot be done without the aid of philology, and must be mainly done by that means. For instance, the first and the most important step in the unravelling of the story of Daphne is the discovery that the Ahanâ (dabana) of the Vedas, the daughter of the sky, chased by the sun, is her Sanskrit original. But it must not be supposed that philology, or Iranism alone, if we may dare to say so, supply all we require to explain every Greek myth in its completeness. A very acute critic has seen the difficulty. We quote the criticism and Professor Max Müller's reply to it:—

"Professor Curtius admits my explanation of the mythe of Daphne as the dawn, but he says, 'If we could but see why the dawn is changed into a laurel!' I have explained before the influence of homonymy in the growth of early myths, and this is only another instance of this influence. The dawn was called δάφνη, the burning; so was the laurel, as wood that burns easily. Afterwards the two, as usual, were supposed to be one, or to have some connection with each other; for how, the people would say, could they have had the same name?"

This reply looks quite sufficient for a single case; but how comes it that throughout Greece natural objects were associated with local divinities, as though a strongly-rooted nature-worship had been adopted by the Hellenic colonists from the older stock? The problem must be solved not by an offhand answer to a single objection, but by an exhaustive examination of the whole evidence. It should especially be asked, whether the natural objects revered in Greece were attached to the same or any gods in India, and whether any one philological theory would meet a considerable proportion of the instances. Till this has been done, it would be premature to speak positively; but we cannot abstain from remarking on the unlikelihood that Greek mythology should be free from the older and different element very clearly traceable in that of other nations. The autochthons of Greece, Pelasgians or not, were probably not of the Iranian stock. The great race of the pre-Hellenic civilization of the Mediterranean, with its Etruscan, Sardinian, Achæan, Dardanian branches, if Hellenic, was not purely so. It is to this race, or races, that we must be

\* Chips from a German Workshop. By Max Müller, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Longmans.



prepared to trace much in Hellenic literature that is not Sanskritic, and so probably not Iranian.

Another fault we have to find with the brilliant school of investigators, whose results Mr. Max Müller has made known to English readers, and has at the same time further developed, is a certain tendency to run in one groove, which is seen in the determination to trace the Iranian mythology to a single origin. It is seen still more markedly in the reduction of an extraordinary number of stories to the category of solar myths. Achilles, Meleager, Cephalus, Perseus, Œdipus, Cyrus (!), Romulus, and Paris, are all solar heroes. Would it not be more philosophical to note the tendency of all myths to run into a conventional mould, and so gradually to get a general resemblance, and to look for original difference, which in the course of ages has been softened and at length has almost disappeared, rather than for original identity, which time has tended to weaken? Yet, notwithstanding its defects, the line of inquiry is sound, and has already done good service to history itself.

It will not be until the systems of the comparative philologists, whether dealing with mythology or language, have stood the test of the practical judgment of scholars not implicated in their success that we shall be able to speak with positive clearness of the value of the results of these systems. Until then the learned world will do wisely to remember that German students, however dry in their style, never cease to be imaginative in their theories—witness the extremely fanciful hypotheses of the Tübingen school, which have succeeded one another with a variety that no failure has been able to check. German scholars, in general, have the faculty of imagination and the capacity for hard work; but they commonly lack the legal quality of mind that can at once see if a theory is sound or fanciful, and that can really utilize the materials the hard workers have gathered together.

The papers on manners and customs and similar subjects are of inferior value and inferior interest, though nothing Mr. Max Müller writes can be uninteresting. Yet we regret that his great scholarship and astute mental power should be wasted on so poor a subject as Zulu nursery tales—these tales considered moreover from a purely Iranian point of view. If anything is to be made of the comparative study of the popular stories of different nations it can only be by a really systematic labour. To compare Reinecke with a Zulu fox is to skip a hundred possible links, and very much like elucidating the Chinese language by the aid of German. Any one who has attempted to unravel the history of "Æsop's Fables," or the "Arabian Nights," can understand the extreme difficulty of such a labour when the links are either complete, or at least not wholly undiscoverable. What can be said then of an utterly new group of fables and tales current among a people whose ethnic place is not satisfactorily determined. In Germany nursery tales may be "the detritus of an ancient mythology," but this is not the case with every nation, and the air of the Zulu tales is rather that of apologues than of mythology: they deal, to judge from Mr. Max Müller's account of them, not with giants and fairies, but with the everyday people of Zulu life, and their everyday companions and occupations, somewhat allegorized after the usual fashion of nations living a natural life.

It is curious to contrast the laboured essay on Zulu nursery tales with the vivacity of that on popular tales from the Norse, where Mr. Max Müller passes from the forced atmosphere of vague criticism into the free air of his own fatherland; for Norse and Teuton are not very far apart,—at least if we place ourselves in Zulu land, they will have no parallax. There is a deeper truth than perhaps the writer suspected in the following passage, for it speaks of the German sympathy with the kindred stories of a nearly allied race:—

"We sometimes see a landscape with nothing particular in it. There is only a river, and a bridge, and a red-brick house, and a few dark trees, and yet we gaze and gaze till our eyes grow dim. Why we are charmed we cannot tell. Perhaps there is something in that simple scenery which reminds us of our home, or of some place which once we saw in a happy dream. Or we watch the grey sky and the heavy clouds on a dreary day. There is nothing in that picture that would strike an artist's eye. We have seen it all hundreds of times before, and yet we gaze and gaze, till the clouds, with their fantastic outlines, settle round the sun, and vanish beyond the horizon. They were only clouds on a grey afternoon, and yet they have left a shadow on our mind that will never vanish. Is it the same, perhaps, with these simple stories? Do they remind us of a distant home—of a happy childhood? Do they recall fantastic dreams, long vanished from our horizon,—hopes that have set, never to rise again? Is there some childhood left in us that is called out by these childish tales? If there is—and there is with most of us,—we have only to open our book, and we shall fly away into dream-land."

And so—with a keen sense of enjoyment, that keenest sense with which we revert to the old pleasures that, though old, are

ever new, most of all, the unwearying pleasures of literature—Mr. Max Müller enters on the merits of the Norse tales and the curious question of their origin. Here, knowing as much as he does of the literature and history of the Iranian race, he writes with a skilful caution. Even so good a critic as Dr. Dasent has in his opinion urged much too strongly the resemblance of fables and tales as proving their ethnic origin, not their spread by chance copying. Mr. Max Müller takes into account the carriage of such literature from nation to nation by actual translation, and does not agree to the servile notion that every similar story must be of identical origin. Here he shows his knowledge of his own subject and his power of treating it agreeably as well as scientifically.

It is difficult to speak of this work as a whole. It is too miscellaneous for criticism. Had the author omitted every essay in which he had not treated of his own subjects, and had he then struck out of the remaining papers the most obvious repetitions, amplifying a single statement instead of reiterating it in a somewhat different form, his work would have been more valuable and would have been more worthy of his reputation.

DAVID GARRICK.\*

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

THE pictures drawn of Garrick in private life show him as a man of the most amiable and estimable qualities. He purchased a residence near Hampton, where he lived with his wife, enjoying the best society of the neighbourhood, and having his friends down from town frequently to see him. But in London his career was constantly troubled with vicious pamphlets and attacks in the press made for the purpose of extorting black mail. He was unfortunately weak enough to be troubled by the scandalous libels of the Grub-street crew, and bought them off in such a manner as to encourage them to make still more bitter onslaughts on their victim. The "Rosciad" appeared in 1761, and in this clever satire Garrick was held up to admiration, while his brethren were mercilessly scourged by the ferocious author. Churchill was a big burly man in a black coat and a black scratch wig. He had belonged to the Church, but he boasted of having got rid of his wife and his churchman's gown at the same time. The biting vigour and force of the "Rosciad" took the town by storm, and Churchill, who was publicly known as the author, was for a season watched and pointed at everywhere. Some of the ridiculed actors threatened him with personal chastisement, but Churchill dared them to do their worst, and marched past the coffee-houses which they frequented without being molested. This sort of thing was certainly calculated to aggravate them:—

"What can an actor give? in every age,  
Cash hath been rudely banished from the stage.  
Wine! they would bribe you with the world as soon,  
And of roast beef they only know the tune."

Garrick was foolish enough to whisper that Churchill praised him in order to obtain the freedom of the theatre. Churchill heard this, and turned round on his former idol, knocking it off the pedestal with as much conscience as he had set it up:—

"Let the vain tyrant sit amid his guards,  
His young green-room wits and venal bards,  
Who meanly tremble at a puppet's frown,  
And, for a play-house freedom, lose their own;  
In spite of new-made laws and new-made kings,  
The free-born muse with lib'ral spirit sings."

The "free-born muse with lib'ral spirit" afterwards wrote the following letter:—

"My dear Mr. Garrick,—*Half-drunk, half-mad*, and quite stripped of all my money, I should be much obliged if you would inclose and send, by the bearer five pieces, by way of adding to favours already received by yours, sincerely,  
CHARLES CHURCHILL."

Garrick made great alterations and improvements in the decorations and arrangements of Drury Lane. It was then like a music-hall, with deep galleries supported by pillars. On gala nights it was put in the bills that "the house would be lit with wax." Garrick introduced chandeliers. Mr. Fitzgerald says that in Garrick's days footlights were unknown. The custom of taking seats was also considered disreputable to the house and to the actors. Fine people sent their footmen to keep places for them, and the footmen not unfrequently also found deputies while they adjourned to the neighbouring public-houses; so that the fine ladies who arrived early often found

\* The Life of David Garrick. From Original Family Papers, and Numerous Published and Unpublished Sources. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. Two vols. London: Tinsleys.



themselves next some shabby and dirty creature who was thus accommodating the flunkeys. Then the clearing of the stage of loungers was a task of great difficulty, and attended with some risk. The actors themselves objected to the reform, as they might each lose on benefit nights "a hundred pounds or more" by the curtailment of the privilege. Garrick enlarged the accommodation of the house, so that it compensated for the numbers who were obliged to stand off the stage, where they were accustomed to confuse the actors. The fine gentlemen of the town, however, were not going to lose a place in which they had so long exhibited their persons and dresses without a struggle. One Fitzpatrick commenced a virulent attack against Garrick. He wrote squibs and satires without end, directed at the figure, face, and manner, of the great actor. Garrick replied by a production which he entitled the "Fribbleriad," a lively and personal description of his enemy, which made the town laugh. Fitzpatrick, who was furiously enraged at the personalities of the "Fribbleriad," bided his time for revenge, and took the opportunity when Garrick abolished the half-price during the run of a new play. On the performance of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," with some alterations by Victor, an uproar commenced, indicative of the feeling on this half-price question.

"The house was packed with the conspirators, and the notoriously wan face of Mr. Fitzpatrick was seen in the boxes. In a moment he was haranguing them. Beside him was his aide-de-camp, the Cheap-side baberdasher. With fierce and excited language he told them it was now *their* time to fix the price, and exhorted them not to submit to the imposition. The confusion brought out the manager, who was received with yells and uproar. They would not give him a hearing. Yet he was prepared with a reasonable case. He would have shown them how the expenses had mounted from sixty to ninety pounds a-night, though this was hardly the point involved. But in truth he was wrong, or had raised a wrong issue. For 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' had been played before, with its alterations, and was not, in that sense, a new piece. He was just allowed to say, that all should be explained in the newspapers of the following day, and was summarily driven off,—then the rioters proceeded to the next regular step, in theatrical dissatisfaction. They fell on the theatre and its fittings, broke up the lustres and girandoles; and Moody, the popular actor of Irishmen, snatched a light from a ruffian who was in the act of firing the theatre. After this destruction of property, the curtain was let down, the money actually returned to the rioters, and the house cleared."

For several nights the disturbances were continued. Garrick was obliged to give way, although we confess he does not seem to have shown a proper spirit in doing so. Moody, one of the actors, was then called upon by the audience to beg pardon for having on the night before snatched a lustre from the hands of a ruffian who seemed bent on burning the house. This strange demand he met in burlesque way by saying, in the tone of one of his stage Irishmen, that "he was very sorry he had offended them by saving their lives." This trifling only infuriated them, and the cry was, "Down on your knees!" Moody boldly said, "By God, I will not," and walked off the stage. The rioters then adjourned to Covent Garden, where they pursued somewhat the same course, but one of the lessees, Beard, displayed more resolution than Garrick, and refused to yield in the least. His theatre was then gutted, but he was able to secure some of the offenders. Garrick commenced rhyming at Fitzpatrick again after this occurrence, and Churchill aided him in verses of a reckless and stinging character. Garrick was now becoming weary of the strifes and buffetings he had to endure on all sides.

Mr. Fitzgerald here breaks off the more personal tone of his narrative to refer to the round of characters which Garrick included in his list. Garrick had a wonderful mobility of features and pliancy of limb, an expressive mouth, bright eyes, and a clear, resonant, and sympathetic voice. "He was an elegant, fervent, elaborate, and overwhelming lover, though he wanted the sweet and pleading tenderness of Barry and the 'profusion of softness' for which that actor was famed." His defect was a certain restlessness. He could not remain a moment still on the stage. His Richard was especially admired. He was constantly making and adding new points to it. Previous to his time on the stage Richard was a mere puppet tyrant, exaggerated and inartistic, made to produce broad and coarse effects without any attempt at refinement, or the show of complicate and contrasted emotions. Garrick changed from the old fashion altogether. He made Richard a being of various feelings and sentiments, with misanthropy rooted in his heart and hypocrisy underlying his entire character. Mrs. Siddons used to relate that at rehearsal the expression of Garrick's face in this impersonation caused her to forget her part. "She forgot her instructions, but was recalled to herself by a look of reproof which she said she could never think of without terror." In "Lear," Garrick was still finer. His

"curse" was tremendous. O'Keeffe, when a young man, saw him in this fine part, and was infinitely touched by his exquisite pathos, his putting his finger to Cordelia's cheek—

"Be these tears wet? Yes, faith;"

and then looking at his finger. His saying bitterly—

"I will do such things—  
What they are I know not."

It is also related that "a soldier, whom it was the privilege of the house to have on the stage, was so affected at the distresses of the old king that he could not restrain his tears." "Clive was seen one night standing at the wing, abusing him and weeping by turns, until, angry with herself for being so wrought on, she turned away impatiently with a 'D—n him, he could act a *gridiron*!'" Hamlet was a character to which he devoted great study. He played through the wonderful scale of passions and sentiments in that profound tragedy with consummate skill and with a delicate and tender appreciation of the poetical beauties of the play.

"In the early part of the play, he was in the ordinary 'French' dress of the day, and in mourning. With the first stage of madness, he appeared with his hair disordered, part of it on one shoulder; one of his black stockings fallen down, showing a white under stocking, and a red garter, with a bow, down also on the calf. With one arm supporting his elbow, and his eyes on the ground, he spoke—'To be, or not to be,' in a low voice; yet every word was perfectly distinct."

In Macbeth he broke through the conventional heavy manner, and his reading contrasted strongly with the interpretation and the gestures of Quin, whose clutching for the dagger in various directions used to be compared to attempts at catching a blue-bottle fly. He acted the King in the second part of "Henry IV." He had two parts in "King John"—the King and Falconbridge. To make up for his defect in height, Garrick used to select for his Robert Falconbridge a shrunken Scotchman, named Simpson. This little shift, Mr. Fitzgerald says, was pardonable, but scarcely dignified. In "Venice Preserved" he did not select Jaffier at first, but on the representations of his friends he adopted it after a while. Garrick's repertoire included likewise Romeo, Coster Pearmain in the "Recruiting Officer," Captain Plume in the same play, Fondlewife in the "Old Bachelor," Lusignan, Ranger, and Dorilas in the stupid tragedy of "Merope." In comedy he was not less great than in tragedy. Abel (in "Abel Druggier") would have made him the greatest comedian of his day, as Lear had made him the greatest tragedian.

We cannot dwell on the remaining portions of this interesting biography, which include an account of the grand tour, his temporary retirement, his reappearance, his dealings with Foote, Johnson, and Goldsmith, his green-room circle, and the last scene of all in his worthy life. It is impossible to lay down these volumes without feeling convinced that Garrick was not only the greatest actor who had appeared on the English stage, but that he combined with his genius a social and a loving nature which must have endeared him to all who were not warped or prejudiced against him by jealousy or spite. His affection for his wife, his constancy and courtliness towards her, his genuine hospitality, his sprightliness, his easy forgiveness of those who injured him, and his constant sense of self-respect and devotion to his profession, make up a character of private worth on which we can dwell with as much pleasure as on the records of his triumphant career upon the stage.

#### LACORDAIRE.\*

LACORDAIRE, Ravignan, both dead—Père Felix and Père Hyacinth; these are the names of men whose fame as Christian orators has been heard by us though they have spoken in another language, and have professed another creed than our own. We read of them filling the churches in Paris, not with pious women only, but with men who have been drawn aside by an irresistible attraction from the frivolities of a pleasure-seeking capital and the more powerful seduction of a rooted scepticism, to come and listen to teaching against which their inclinations, their habits, their pleasures, and their belief, such as it is, revolt. And these men are the product, not of different generations, but of one. It is not very long since the lips of Lacordaire and Ravignan were closed. The ears which listened to them, listen to successors only a little their juniors; and they are the product of an age sceptically inclined, and of a country which is but slowly emerging from a deluge of

\* The Inner Life of Père Lacordaire, of the Order of Preachers. By a Religious of the Same Order. London: Simpkin & Marshall.  
Lacordaire. By Dora Greenwell. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.



infidelity. On our side of the Channel we have nothing to show like this, though perhaps we have not less need of it. We have here and there a popular preacher run after by a coterie; but, with the exception of Mr. Spurgeon, there is no Christian minister amongst us whose fame can be said to fill the corners of the earth, and even he is the apostle of a class, to whom highly educated men might listen once for curiosity. Yet in the Church of England there is not less learning, perhaps there is in some respects more, than amongst French ecclesiastics; and certainly Nature has not been less generous of her gifts in one case than in the other. In some degree this contrast may be due to the great variety of denominations which exist amongst us, though it would not be unreasonable to expect that the conflict of sects would produce a different result. But more probably it is owing to that continued state of warfare in which the Church of Rome finds herself with whatever is antagonistic to her, whether it be Protestantism, or infidelity, or the authority of the State, or the vices and corruption of society, or that waste condition of humanity in which the heathen sits in darkness. No matter what recognised position she may gain in this country or that, approaching to, or fulfilling, our idea of an established church, her aim is still onward, reaching for more, impelled by an ambition which is never satisfied, and to whose attainment no obstacle is admitted to be insuperable. The grain of mustard-seed must cover the whole earth. And for this warfare she has an army which is absolutely her own. The celibacy of her clergy detaches them from affections which divide their allegiance. The vows of poverty and obedience which, in addition to celibacy, are the foundation of her monastic system, give her a body of picked troops still more separated from the world than the secular clergy, and ready to undertake any forlorn hope, no matter what hardships or sufferings it may involve. To them there is no such thing as self. This or that has to be done, and it must be done. When the Italian monk, who is sent by his superior into some village to give a "mission," has preached without persuading his hearers to come to the tribunal of penance, he kneels down, strips his shoulders and uses his discipline till the blood streams before their eyes. Then they come, for there is no preaching without practising in that. In our own country, two Redemptionist monks, some twenty years ago, undertook a mission in the south of England, so poor that at one time they were literally starving. But they persevered, and they have since built several churches and founded flourishing homes in England and Ireland. These are samples of the zeal which inspires life into the matchless organization of the Church of Rome, and which goes far to account for her power of reconquering what she has lost, and resisting the fire of that so-called enlightenment of our time under which other creeds are melting away.

We cannot but feel this as we read the books before us, the second of which is little more than a pale reflection of the former, though by no means deficient in interest or merit. In all human probability the eloquence which filled Nôtre Dame with multitudes that hung upon Lacordaire's lips, and reclaimed hundreds to the Christian faith, would have expanded in promoting his own interests at the Bar or in the Senate. He had chosen law for his profession, and he was so little likely to become a Preacher, that he had, from an early period, laid aside all religious belief. Infidelity was the mental habit of the intellectual youth of his day, and he perhaps the more eagerly embraced it from the pious training he had received from his widowed mother, whose singular destiny it was to see her five sons abandon their faith, but finally return to it. Recalling this early period of his life, Lacordaire says that he made his first communion in the year 1814, being then twelve years of age. "It was my last religious joy," he says—"the last ray which my mother's soul was to shed into mine. Ere long the shadows thickened around me, a dismal night surrounded me on every side, and no longer did I receive from God in my conscience any sign of life. . . . My understanding deteriorated with my morals, and I proceeded along the path of degradation which is the chastisement of unbelief, and the very reverse of reason." We have a picture of him about this time, from the hand of one of his fellow-students in the School of Law at Dijon, which in some measure gives us a key to his future life:—

"Were we still in the age of antithesis," writes M. Lorain, "I should say that the character and the genius of Henry Lacordaire abounded in singular contrasts. That mind which so often surprised one by its sudden and brilliant success, was capable also of continued, obstinate, and daily work; his nature was as patient as it was energetic—it united at one and the same time vivacity and gentleness. With his lively and impatient imagination he was still capable of maturing a profound design; to promptness of views, he joined cool reflection and deliberate calculation. By the side of his glorious youth you saw the anticipated gravity of age; and a rattling gaiety which

even verged at times on childish buffoonery, was mingled with the meditations of the deeper thinker. Together with a temperament full of ardour and passion, he had a natural liking for order and method, for the nice arrangement of small matters, for a simple elegance, and a studied neatness and exactitude. Whether in verse or prose, he could stop at will in the midst of a phrase or a measure. When a friend looked into his study, symmetry of arrangement met his eye on every side. There was no disorder in the books, the paper, the pens, the desk, the very penknife, were all disposed with a sort of correct art on the little black table, forming no disagreeable angle. The same neatness and regularity were observable in his manuscripts, in his writing, and in everything he did or touched; in a word, there was in all things a kind of material symbolism of that prudence of the serpent joined to the simplicity of the dove, which, in one of his finest conferences, he declares himself to possess, adding, with a charming grace, that, like St. Francis of Sales, he would willingly give twenty serpents for one dove."

A mind which was so much master of itself as this description of Lacordaire warrants us in believing his to have been at the early period of his life to which it relates, could not wholly divest itself of the impressions of a religious education; and this fact is worth noting for the comfort of those who have had the charge of young persons, and have been disappointed at seeing their careful training apparently thrown away; as well as for the rebuke of others who defend their derision of Christian education by pointing to the falling away which too often follows it, when young persons come within other influences than those under which their early years have been spent. It is rarely that the lesson has been taught wholly in vain. Trained as a pious Roman Catholic, and then lapsing into infidelity, Lacordaire could say in the midst of his unbelief—"I love the Gospel, for its morality is incomparable; I respect its ministers because they exercise a salutary influence on society;" even though he had to add, "but I have not received as my share the gift of faith." In that state of transition through which his mind passed before it once rested upon the Rock of Ages, he seems never to have lost faith in the social importance of the Gospel, though he had no belief in its supernatural development. Indeed, his scepticism must be distinguished from that of the vulgar herd of doubters. It was the result neither of vicious inclination, nor of intellectual vanity, nor of mere superficial intellectual cleverness, which, coupled with an affected cynicism and a want of sincerity, is the cause of so much flatulent infidelity. It was rather due to his mind entering upon a new and godless discipline before it had attained maturity, and in those years, between twelve and seventeen, which do so much to strengthen, or pull to pieces, the foundation which has been laid by home education. We have his own testimony to this fact. He says, in the memoirs:—

"I left college at the age of seventeen with my faith destroyed and my morals injured, but upright, open, impetuous, sensible to honour, and a taste for letters and for the beautiful; having before my eyes, as the guiding star of my life, the human ideal of glory. This result is easily explained. Nothing had supported our faith in a system of education in which the word of God held but a secondary place, and was enforced neither with argument nor eloquence, whilst, at the same time, we were daily engaged in studying masterpieces and heroic examples of antiquity. The old pagan world, presented to us in these sublime aspects, kindled within us a love of its virtues, whilst the modern world, created by the Gospel, remained entirely unknown to us. Its great men, its saints, its civilization, its moral and civil superiority, the progress made by humanity under the influence of the Cross, totally escaped our notice. Even the history of our own country, scantily studied, left us wholly unmoved; and we were Frenchmen by birth without being so at heart. I am far, however, from joining in the condemnation which some in our own time have passed on the study of the classics. We owed to them the sense of the beautiful, many precious national virtues, great examples, and an intimacy with noble characters and memorable times; but we had not climbed high enough to reach the summit of the edifice, which is Jesus Christ;—the friezes of the Parthenon concealed from us the dome of St. Peter's."

Coming to Paris, after he had completed his law studies, with the view of entering the Bar, he seemed at once to become still further removed from religious faith by a complete acceptance of the spirit which he found in the capital. "Scarcely," he says, "had I caught the echoes of public affairs, than I belonged to the age by my love of liberty, as entirely as I had already been identified with it by my ignorance of God and of the Gospel." In Paris he lived, as he says, "poor and solitary, labouring in secret at twenty years of age, without exterior enjoyments, or agreeable ties in society, without attraction for the world, or enthusiasm for the theatre; in fact, without any passion of which I was conscious, unless it were a vague tormenting desire of renown. Some slight success in the Court of Assize moved me a little, but without taking any great hold of me." For two years, from 1822 to 1824, he lived in this state in a small attic chamber in the Rue Mont Thabor, working diligently at his law studies, but beginning to feel that it



was not for such exercises that he had been sent into the world. At this time he writes:—"This fire of enthusiasm and imagination which consumes me, was certainly never given that it might be quenched under the ice of the law, or stifled in positive and arduous meditations; but I am detained in my present position by that force of reason which convinces me that to try everything, and to be always changing one's place, is not the way to change one's nature." His first efforts at the Bar were so successful that M. Berryer assured him he might rise to the first rank if he would avoid the snare of his too ready eloquence. But the First President saw more clearly into the character of his eloquence. "Gentlemen," said he, after one of Lacordaire's pleadings, "this is not Patru; it is Bossuet." He had been little more than a year in Paris when he wrote to one of his friends, "Would you believe it, I am every day growing more and more a Christian? It is strange this progressive change in my opinions. I am beginning to believe, and yet I was never more a philosopher. A little philosophy draws us from religion, but a good deal of it brings us back again—a profound truth." A few weeks later he determined to abandon the law, and to put himself in training for the priesthood. On the 11th of May, 1824, the eve of his entering St. Sulpice, he wrote thus:—

"It needs few words to say what I have to say, and yet my heart would fain say many. I am giving up the Bar; we shall meet each other then no more. Our dreams for the last five years will not be accomplished. Tomorrow morning I am about to enter the seminary of St. Sulpice. . . . Only yesterday, as it were, my soul was still full of the chimeras of the world; although religion was even then present there, fame and glory were still the future towards which I looked. But to-day I place my hopes higher, and ask for nothing here below but obscurity and peace. I am greatly changed, and I give you my word I do not know how the change has come about. When I examine the progress of my thoughts during the last five years—the point whence I set out, the gradual stages I have gone through, and the final result of this course of reflection, which was slow and bristling with obstacles—I am myself astonished, and experience an emotion of profound adoration of God's goodness. My dear friend, all this can only be thoroughly understood by one who has passed from error to truth—who has a full consciousness of all his foregoing ideas—who can seize their different relations, their unaccountable connection, and all the successive links of this wonderful chain, and who compares them all at the different periods of his convictions. It is indeed a sublime moment when the last ray of light penetrates our souls, and attaches to a common centre truths which till then lay scattered and apart. There is always such an immense interval between the moment which precedes, and that which follows that moment, between what one was before and what one is after, that the word *grace* has been invented to express that stroke of magic, that lightning-flash from on high. I seem to see a man who is making his way along, as it were, by chance, and with a bandage over his eyes; it is a little loosened—he catches a glimpse of the light—and, at the moment when the handkerchief falls, he stands face to face with the noon-day sun."

We have traced the life of this extraordinary man thus far, and we leave to our readers the task of following it in these pages to its close, a task which will be found to be its own reward. They can hardly have a better opportunity of observing how the Church of Rome develops in her clergy their extraordinary adaptability to her work, or by what means her strength is renewed even while it seems to have decayed.

#### SIR JOHN RICHARDSON.\*

THE name of John Richardson will ever stand high in the list of Arctic explorers, as one of the most daring of that adventurous band. Whether the labours in which so many lives have been lost have produced, or are yet likely to produce, an amount of good sufficient to compensate for such a sacrifice, we cannot but admire the strength of heart which is great enough to sustain men through expeditions in which they resign the comforts of civilized life to expose themselves to Nature in her most barren and savage moods. There always will be men to whom danger and privation have special attractions, and Richardson was one of them. Born of a good Scottish family in Dumfries, he gave early evidence of the qualities for which he was afterwards distinguished, especially a promptness to assist others, and a self-reliance which made him confident in the midst of unusual difficulties. The reminiscences of his early youth which his biographer has been able to give us are not many, but one amongst them has a particular interest. The last years of Robert Burns' life were passed at Dumfries, and every Sunday evening he spent some hours at the elder Richardson's house, where at times he occupied himself by selecting for John Richardson portions not of his own poems, but of the metrical Psalms used in public

worship in Scotland, that the boy might commit them to memory. Amongst them were these lines:—

"How bright these glorious spirits shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the blood of Christ have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright."

Burns could hardly wish to be remembered in a more pleasing attitude than pointing out such lines to a child six years of age, and bidding him commit them to memory.

The real interest of Mr. McIlraith's volume does not commence until we come to his first Arctic expedition. We therefore pass over Richardson's career as a surgeon in the navy, and come to that part of his life in which he accompanied Sir John (then Lieutenant) Franklin in the overland expedition from Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Coppermine River, which was undertaken to determine the latitudes and longitudes and trending of the northern coast eastward, to the extremity of the American continent. Richardson was appointed to accompany Franklin as surgeon and naturalist. From York Factory, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, they made their way by rivers and lakes to Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, a distance of 650 miles, in six weeks, arriving on the 23rd of October. Further progress by boats that winter was impossible. Of the solitude of life at this station Richardson gives a graphic description in a letter to his wife:—

"At this season, your walks will be enlivened by the appearance of vegetation. The snowdrop and crocus have already peeped forth, and bedeck the trim parterres now so universal in front of the tasteful abodes of the citizens of Edinburgh. In my rambles round that good old town I have often been amused to observe that the flowers were arranged so as to form the initials of the owner's name. In this remote country art has done nothing amiss, because she has done nothing. None of her creations chequer the face of the land and break the sameness which prevails, particularly in the present season of the year. The miserable log houses in which we dwell are scarcely to be distinguished, in their winter dress, from the fallen trees with which the woods abound. I could find in my heart to forgive the bad taste displayed in the erection of the most fantastic building that ever was constructed for the sake of the contrast it produces. Where there is no art, Nature loses half her charms.

"When I began my letter I thought of the pleasure you must be feeling, as an admirer of the works of God, in perceiving the earth bursting its frozen bands and vegetation putting forth her powers. The joy, the exultation I have felt on such an occasion was fresh in my mind, and I could not but contrast it with the depression produced by a winter unusually extended. Winter, in unspotted livery, surrounds us. The snow covers the ground to the depth of three feet, and the trees bend under their ponderous load. If we pass the threshold of our hut and enter the forest, a stillness so profound prevails that we are ready to start at the noise created by the pressure of our feet on the snow. The screams of a famished raven, or the crash of a lofty pine, rending through the intenseness of the frost, are the only sounds that invade the solemn silence. When in my walks I have accidentally met one of my companions in this dreary solitude, his figure, emerging from the shade, has conveyed, with irresistible force, to my mind the idea of a being rising from the grave. I have often admired the pictures our great poets have drawn of absolute solitude, but never felt their full force till now. What must be the situation of a human being, 'alone on the wide, wide sea!' How dreadful if without faith in God! An atheist could not dwell alone in the forests of America.

"I must not, however, go on writing in this strain; there are yet two months of winter to come, and I must endeavour to acquire and preserve that contentment which can render every situation tolerable. A thousand consolations offer themselves to one who is disposed to look for them."

During his residence at Cumberland House, Dr. Richardson occupied himself in examining the structure of the various species of fish obtained from under the snow, and in studying the mineralogy of the surrounding country. In July, he and Mr. Hood, after a rapid journey of 857 miles, joined Franklin at Fort Chipewyan. Thence the whole party, twenty-five in number, started, and were joined by a band of Copper Indians at Fort Providence, on the north side of Great Slave Lake, reaching their wintering place at Fort Enterprise on the 19th of August. In the following spring, want of provisions placed them under the necessity either of relinquishing the undertaking or making the journey to the mouth of the Coppermine River on the scanty supplies of the chase. The latter course was decided upon, and Dr. Richardson volunteered to lead the first detachment, setting out on the 4th of July. On the 21st, having reached the mouth of the river, they embarked in two canoes, and commenced their voyage on the Arctic sea, surveying the coasts of Bathurst's Inlet and Coronation Gulf to Point Turnagain. By the end of September, we find them again in the Coppermine River, but unable to cross it, as the men, weak and dispirited with hunger, had some time before

\* Life of Sir John Richardson. By the Rev. John McIlraith. London: Longmans.



abandoned it. A raft was made, but as they had no means of impelling it to the opposite bank, Richardson attempted an exploit of the greatest heroism:—

"At this time," says Franklin, in his narrative, "Dr. Richardson, prompted by a desire of relieving his suffering companions, proposed to swim across the stream with a line and to haul the raft over. He launched into the stream with the line round his middle, but when he had got a short distance from the bank his arms became benumbed with cold, and he lost the power of moving them; still he persevered, and, turning on his back, had nearly gained the opposite bank when his legs also became powerless, and to our infinite alarm we beheld him sink. We instantly hauled upon the line and he came again on the surface, and was gradually drawn ashore in an almost lifeless state. Being rolled up in blankets, he was placed before a good fire of willows, and fortunately was just able to speak sufficiently to give some slight directions respecting the manner of treating him. He recovered strength gradually, and by the blessing of God was enabled in the course of a few hours to converse, and by the evening was sufficiently recovered to remove into the tent. We then regretted to learn that the skin of his whole left side was deprived of feeling in consequence of exposure to too great heat. He did not perfectly recover the sensation of that side until the following summer. I cannot describe what every one felt at beholding the skeleton which the Doctor's debilitated frame exhibited. When he stripped, the Canadians simultaneously exclaimed: 'Ah que nous sommes maigres!'" Franklin adds, "I have omitted to mention that when he was about to step into the water he put his foot on a dagger, which cut him to the bone; but this misfortune could not stop him from attempting the execution of his generous undertaking."

Of the sufferings of the expedition from this time till they regained Fort Enterprise, and after their arrival there till supplies were brought them by the Indians, we may form some idea from the fact that they had to keep themselves alive by using skins which had been thrown away during their former wintering there, old bones, and scanty supplies of *tripe de roche*, a nauseous weed, which, bad as it was, was scarce. An extract from Franklin's journal will set it in a clearer light:—

"On the 5th, the breezes were light, with dark, cloudy weather, and some snow. The Doctor and Hepburn were getting much weaker, and the limbs of the latter were now greatly swollen. They came into the house frequently in the course of the day to rest themselves, and when once seated, were unable to rise without the help of one another, or of a stick. Adam was for the most part in the same low state as yesterday, but sometimes he surprised us by getting up and walking with an appearance of increased strength. His looks were now wild and ghastly, and his conversation was often incoherent. I observed that, in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions, which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportionate to our strength. On one of these occasions Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness that he exclaimed: 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understanding.'"

Their sufferings did not deter them from renewing their labours and exposing themselves to fresh miseries as soon as they had recovered strength. We cannot, however, follow them further. We content ourselves with recommending this volume to our readers as one full of interesting matter.

#### POEMS BY GEORGE MACDONALD.\*

MR. MACDONALD is known to all lovers of thoughtful literature as a writer with the finest sense of the force and beauty of religion in life. In his prose works there is a constant recognition of the Divine action, and a keen as well as a passionate acknowledgment of the perpetual interference of God in the moral and in the physical world. It seems to us that, as a poet, he is more fortunate in expressing his emphatic mysticisms. Poetry of a subjective character intended to represent personal moods and feelings, limited in its scope to the individual, lends itself more readily to those exalted rhapsodies which, given bit by bit to different people in a novel, colour them all without transfiguring any. There is a deep interest, too, in following the course of a mind like that of Mr. MacDonald through the phases and advances which it makes towards its own end. We cannot see this progress so distinctly when it is made from various approaches, and with those artistic distractions which are essential for the shape of a novel. You know that the whole current of the story is meant to bear on to a set purpose, but the very fact of having to tell

a story naturally enforces a sort of divergence from this intention, which abstracts the mental sight from it. In a poem which reads like a confession, however, you are shown plainly the very nerves and fibres, as it were, of a soul dilating for our instruction and guidance. In the "Disciple" there are but three elements, the writer as he is in his inner life; God, as He has seemed to him, and as He has revealed Himself to him; and the world, not in the heat or action of humanity, but as it is in nature, in landscape and seascape, in storm and sunshine. The first stage of the "Disciple" discloses to us at once that Mr. MacDonald, in attempting to delineate the most delicate and subtle sympathies of his own mind, has all the power and spirit of a real artist to aid him in his task. Nothing is commoner than to find people who venture on literature endeavouring to project themselves, with a great flourish, into space, trusting that their weak wings will support them in a flight. Mr. MacDonald knows his strength, and there is a fine consciousness of it displayed in the opening stanzas of his poem. He was unable to believe clearly in the beauty of holiness. Heaven seemed far off, and the earth was near, and he felt the loneliness of earth, and contrasted it with the cold glory of those who shone round the "radiant throne."

"I love to hear the wild winds meet,  
The wild old winds at night,  
To watch the star-light flash and beat,  
To wait the thunder light."

I love all tales of valiant men,  
Of women good and fair:  
If I were rich and strong, ah! then,  
I would do something rare."

If a sense of spiritualism does come to him, it comes from a meaner source than the highest—from sympathy with good men. Nature woos him from prayer—

"My thoughts like birds abroad I fling  
Into a country fair:  
Wind-buffed to their nests they wing  
And I am in despair."

This feeling brings on a great struggle, in which he begs for grace to take his mind from its vague wanderings. Has God forsaken and left him to be absorbed in fancies born of the world?—

"I do not love that which is good;  
Even thee I do not love;  
I do not like this bible-food;  
My heaven is not above."

And so he brings us with him through many deep and devious ways to show how his mind constantly fluttered, as it were, between the attractiveness of mere poetry and intellectual pleasure and a longing aspiration for a faculty which would cause worship to be the supremest delight. He felt that prayer could alone help him, and he prayed, but between the intervals of those broken and sweet implorations dark clouds of doubt would come, and he sets down here very clearly and beautifully both the shadows and the sunshine of those hours of trial. Nothing can be sharper than his analysis of himself. "Heart, blood, and brain" are examined to see if they have done aught to render him unfit to see the light:—

"I am not that which I can praise;  
I do not what I say;  
I sit a talker in the ways—  
A dreamer in the day."

The lovers of merely ornamental poetry will not see much to admire in Mr. MacDonald. All the flashiness of modern verse is carefully avoided. The over-ripe suggestive epithets, warm allusions, and feverish images, are conspicuously absent. The tone of his mind breathes of sincere and reverential faith, and even where he so eloquently depicts the seasons of doubt and distrust, he never gets into a vein of boldness or daring which would imply any permanent condition of moral revolt. There is perhaps a little too much of dreaminess. Sometimes there is a painful, almost morbid, acuteness of fancy, hinting a nervousness of temperament which appears to be due more to physical causes than to imaginative commands of sensibility:—

"A cry where there is none to hear,  
On hill or desert plain,  
Returns in silence on the ear,  
In torture on the brain."

These last two lines, though very forcible and descriptive, seem to indicate an overwrought delicacy of susceptibleness and a susceptibleness which connects itself with organizations of a material kind. Mr. MacDonald achieves a triumph of art in not shocking a reader, even when there is a strain and tension of this sort; but if we judge those passages by a thrill of surprise which they give us, we are inclined to consider that

\* The Disciple, and Other Poems. By George MacDonald, Author of "Within and Without," "A Hidden Life," &c. London: Strahan.



they are not prompted by the same cautious and proportioned impulses from which the main idea and spirit of the "Disciple" proceeds.

The "Songs of the Days and Nights" are worth not only reading, but studying. They are pervaded by the same constant and brooding sentiment of devotion and mysticism. Here and there you meet expressions rarely charged with poetic meaning. Occasionally that eeriness of thought, and inclination to make everything haunted which was so marked in "David Elginbrod," imparts a strange pleasure to the verses. The dreary wind is out, bearing grey ghosts of dead thought adown its tide, it blows from the helpless past; then follows an exquisite picture:—

"I hear a lone wind, lost amid  
The long luxurious grass,  
The bats flit round me, born and hid  
In twilight's wavering mass.

The fir top floats, an airy isle,  
High o'er the mossy ground;  
Harmonious silence breathes the while  
In scent instead of sound.

The flaming rose glooms swarthy red;  
The borage gleams more blue;  
And low white flowers with starry head  
Glimmer the rich dusk through."

It is, indeed, an unfair thing to a poet to detach pieces from his work, and we do so in Mr. MacDonald's case, because, although it suffers from the process, there is still enough of sweetness left in the culled bouquets to show the richness of the garden. We can recommend his book as containing poetry of a high order. The mere propriety of the words used by him, and their monosyllabic simplicity and fitness, is in itself a charm; but it is a greater charm to find the golden vein of true genius running through the pure cadences. Simplicity might otherwise relapse into prettiness; but Mr. MacDonald's simplicity comes from a consciousness of power which finds itself equal—as Wordsworth's consciousness did—to the rejection of assistance from the stock phrases and ornaments of echoing versifiers. There is a certain similarity between Wordsworth and Mr. MacDonald—both are haunted by the cataract as by a passion; but one turns for relief into a contemplative, and the other into a devotional attitude. Mr. MacDonald is alone in his treatment of things, as a poet should be. He bids the world within him and without interpret for him what he wants said upon the charities and on the duties of the complete Christian life. We wish him many readers, for a book like his serves to educate and to purify every mind with which it comes in contact.

#### TWO NEW NOVELS.\*

MAUD MAINWARING has very little in common with that mass of novels which contribute so largely to fill the shelves of the circulating libraries, and are sent forth to the world of novel-readers with no higher object than to help idle people to kill time. Unlike most of those romances which emanate from the inner consciousness of ladies, the novel has no terrible crime upon which the whole plot hinges; the ladies who figure in its pages do not combine the beauty of angels with the dispositions of fiends, and the men are by no means remarkable for either breadth of shoulder or immensity of muscle. The people who are presented to the reader's notice, and who have to fret out their little hour for his pleasure, are the ordinary mortals one meets with every day, seen, however, rather with the eye of a very young lady who has yet to learn much of human nature than with that of a person versed in the ways of the world, and taught by experience. Maud Mainwaring is one of those melancholy heroines whom the authoress of this novel delights to describe. Her father, Major Mainwaring, is a true type of a selfish and fashionable man. He has been all but ruined by his extravagance, but his wants still continue to be in an inverse ratio to his means. At the time the story opens he has been compelled to give up the family mansion, and while he is arranging with his son, a young officer in a cavalry regiment, to bar the entail of the property and dispose of it, he takes his pleasure in London, whilst his only daughter, Maud, is left in charge of a half-furnished and miserable country-house, and is obliged to do battle with tradesmen who

are dunning for their bills, and to conciliate servants who are equally clamorous for their wages. The daily round of annoyance to which Maud is subjected, and the shabby dresses she is obliged to wear, sour the girl's temper, and we find her with scarcely a civil word for any one, except her old grandfather, who seems to be the recipient of what affection her trials have left in her. During one of the flying visits that Major Mainwaring was in the habit of paying to Maud, he brings to the house Basil Strickland, a neighbouring country gentleman of considerable wealth, with the double object of falling in love with Maud, and assisting him, the Major, with money. Maud, at first, displays towards Mr. Strickland some of the irritability and sulkiness with which she favours every one, but, following the example of most young ladies in similar positions, she relents, and we soon find the usual signs of budding affection. Maud has received some money from her father to pay the bills of the pressing tradesmen, but she has reason to think that the money has been obtained in some way from Mr. Strickland, and after meeting that gentleman, who sees her home from one of her lonely and melancholy walks, she presses a return of it upon him.

"Half laughing at his manner, Maud turned, and they walked together to the fire. But when she had yielded so far, she began to feel how her former hesitation had only added to the difficulties of her position. It would seem absurd to him when he knew what it was she had been intending to say. What was she going to do but pay him back what was his own, only, unfortunately, not all that was his? She stood silent, condemning herself for a fool, yet by her silence continuing in the same folly.

"Well?" said Basil, at last, not impatiently, but as one determined to make her speak.

"She turned, and met his eye with an involuntary acknowledgment of weakness and appeal for forbearance in her look.

"You tall creature!" he said, beholding her. "How high are you?"

"Possibly his intention was to soothe and encourage her by this remark, guessing by some quick intuition, assisted by certain indications in her air and carriage, that she was proud of her height. His tone was kindly and familiar, and though she felt a little too keenly that it was familiar, its broad effect was to set her more at ease.

"Look here!" she began, with a little movement of the hand which held the purse.

"I am looking," answered Basil, "if that is any help to you."

"Then she lifted her eyes to him, and laughed.

"It is only because I don't quite know how to set about it; how to say what I want to say."

"But get it said somehow," said Basil.

"I will. I'm going to say it. Mr. Strickland, I know we are in your debt, and I want to pay you back part of what's owing to you. I don't know how far it'll go towards it, it's only about sixty pounds; but I haven't got any more."

"As she spoke, she tendered him the money which her father had given her. He did not put out his hand for it; he looked at her, silently at first.

"You absurd child!" he said, after a pause. Then he closed his fingers over the hand that held the money, but touching less the money than the hand. "I didn't take you for a rich woman," he said, with a kind of raillery in his voice, "throwing about your sixty pounds here, and your sixty pounds there! How did you come by this money, I should like to know?"

"My father gave it me."

"Not to give to me?"

"No; but it is yours."

"Did your father give it you for yourself?" asked Basil.

"No!" said Maud, in a hasty tone of self-justification. "To pay some bills; but it belongs to you, really."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Basil, using again that frank familiarity which had startled Maud at first, and at which, though she was beginning to like it, she still wondered a little uneasily. "That would have been a misappropriation of funds! How could you think of doing it? It would have been quite wrong, you know."

"No, it wouldn't," answered Maud; "and I should have told him afterwards."

"And what would he have said, do you suppose?"

"I shouldn't have cared then."

"Now, look here," began Basil, in his turn, and then he stopped. "Give me your purse."

"She gave it him, and saw him put the money back into it, and fasten it circumspectly with its elastic strap. It was a poor, mean-looking purse, but Maud had rather a liking for it from that day. When he had secured it, he put it into her hand, closing his own over it as before."

Basil continues his attentions in this form, and Maud soon finds herself in love with him, and derives very little satisfaction from the discovery, as she almost at the same time makes the acquaintance of Crystal Rivers, a young lady with golden hair, great wealth, and a delightfully frivolous disposition, in whom she fears she has found a rival. This conjecture turns out to be correct, as the mother of Crystal and the mother of Basil have settled the whole affair, and although neither of the young people give any indication of being passionately fond of the other, they acquiesce in the arrangement. Poor Maud's troubles are increased by the discovery that her father has forged Basil Strickland's name to some cheques,

\* Maud Mainwaring. A Novel. By Cecil Griffith, Author of "Victory Deane" and "The Uttermost Farthing." Three vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

The Romance of Cleaveside. A Novel. By Gertrude Parsons, Author of "Ruth Baynard's Story," "Mary Eaglestone's Lover," &c. Three vols. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.



and that his scheming to bring about her marriage with Basil is solely for the purpose of shielding himself from the consequences of his crime. Basil, too, although he has extracted from her several little admissions amounting almost to confessions of the love she has for him, goes on apparently trifling with her, and carefully abstaining from committing himself to any declaration. Like the troubles of all lovers, however, Maud's at length terminate, and the reader can guess what that termination is, when we mention that her brother Charlie, the young hussar, comes down on a visit to Grove House, and there meets Crystal Rivers. We should not be doing justice to the author if we failed to bear testimony to the marked power with which the characters, especially those of Major Mainwaring, Maud, and Basil are described, and to the ability displayed in the working out of the plot; but at the same time we are not free from doubt as to whether she could not have attained a greater success with different materials. We cannot, of course, find fault with the materials which the author selects to make up her plot, but so far as the quality of giving pleasure is concerned, and that, after all, it must be remembered, is by no means a subordinate matter in novel-writing, we could wish to see a change in two such people, for instance as Maud and Basil. The young lady is an encyclopædia of miseries. She is either complaining about the servants' wages, the butcher's bill, the shabbiness of her dresses, or a headache, or a cold, or she is in a savage mood about something or somebody. If we found such a person in everyday life we should warn any one of the opposite sex courageous enough to contemplate marrying her to desist from the hazardous attempt, unless, indeed, it was Basil Strickland, whose utter ruin and permanent misery we could look upon with indifference. That gentleman, until nearly the very end of the novel, appears as one of those triflers who are willing enough to secure a woman's affections without risking their own, and just the sort of person a girl with more spirit and less melancholy than Maud would send about his business at once. The author is, however, as we have said, the best judge. She has chosen her own materials, and from them has produced a novel of very striking interest.

"The Romance of Cleaveside" is also written by a lady, and like the last novel deserves commendation for the absence of startling crime and superabundant muscle from its pages. It has a plot with enough of the mysterious to give it interest, and it is very fairly worked out. There are, however, so many characters introduced, each one of whom has so much to do or say bearing upon the current of the story, that it is a matter of some difficulty to avoid a thorough confusion of persons. The heroine, however, at all times stands well out from the crowd who may be said to revolve round her. She bursts in upon the reader in the first few pages of the novel, and under circumstances rather trying than otherwise. Mark Ronaldson, returning home from the Continent to enter upon an inheritance, to which he had succeeded, in Cornwall, sees this lady at the Calais station:—

"She turned; the light fell upon her face, and Mark was startled by its extraordinarily [sic] beauty. Her face was so magnificently lovely, it was so rich in its tender colourings that it fixed itself on Mark's mind as a new thing, and one never to be forgotten. He for a moment forgot everything but that face. He moved to another chair to see it again."

It would appear that other circumstances, coupled with the change of his seat, enabled this admiring gentleman to feast his eyes, for we learn that he continued his inspection of the face, and, "between two people busily eating, and over a tureen of soup, he got a perfect view of its trusting expression," and was enabled to see that the lady "was tall and, without being large, was well developed." The exquisite creature, seen through or reflected in the tureen of soup, appears at one time as a country girl just married to a lacquey, who had given himself out as the son of a wealthy London merchant and the intimate friend of the young lord whose valet he had been; and at another as a distinguished actress, who, upon the day of her marriage, for some mysterious reason deserted her husband, and returned to the stage. As the story progresses we find the actress attended by a man-servant who, in spite of the strong aversion she bears towards him, and of the suspicion which attaches to him of having been guilty of a murder, she retains in her employ; and towards the end we find explanations of matrimonial arrangements which would drive even the registrar of those interesting records crazy. The reader is in some doubt as to who is married and who is not; but at all events it transpires that the heroine was unlucky enough to desert the man who really was her husband, and whom she loved, and to live with the man who was somebody else's husband, and whom she detested. How all this came about, and

how it terminated, the reader will find for himself in the pages of "The Romance of Cleaveside," and at the time that he acquires the desired information he will have the satisfaction of perusing a really entertaining novel.

#### A COBBLER ARTIST.\*

THE distinguishing peculiarity between the English and Scotch workman is the singular power of self-culture and development possessed by the latter. Here in England we have, at rare intervals, some farmer's boy or shoemaker's apprentice, who makes some little stir in literature, gets petted by this or that clique of æsthetic amateurs; and then, when the orange is sucked, as Voltaire bitterly said, the rind is thrown away. In Scotland, on the other hand, there is a diffusion of scientific and literary knowledge which is constantly producing marked examples. Here a weaver becomes celebrated for his botanical theories; there a farm servant writes songs which delight the peasantry of the district, and find their way into elaborate collections; and everywhere, from amongst the labouring classes, come hard-headed, hard-fingered, and close-reasoning students, who carry with them into the pulpit an unusual acquaintance with the practical trials of their flock, a fervent piety, and an uncomfortable dogmatism in abstruse ethical questions. To the Englishman, who can scarcely imagine such a condition of affairs, the present little volume will serve as a handy guide. It is written by one who was first a herd, then a cobbler's apprentice, and finally made his living for many years by painting portraits. The sketches he gives of other workmen who were also endeavouring to rise above their original condition—of their struggles, their persistence, their heroic self-denial, and general cheerfulness—are true and striking; and the incidents of his own career are displayed with a minute accuracy which will astonish some and amuse others. It must be confessed that Mr. Hunter has a fine confidence in his own powers; and speaks of himself and of his work with the superlative egotism of a Walt Whitman. The reader, however, will speedily discover that this amazing egotism is not unconscious and offensive; but is the "fun" of a man who can satirize himself and laugh at his own failures more heartily than any one who reads his narrative is likely to do. The "retrospect," it must be remembered, is entirely personal; and, in detailing the circumstance of his long life-struggle, Mr. Hunter has been candid to a degree which few autobiographies could bear. He is not ashamed to give the names of the men who have helped him; nor yet loth to tell his delight on receiving any encouragement from those who were above him in station; and his gratitude, outspoken as it is, never trenches on toadyism. Some parts of the book are exceedingly humorous; and, in their faithful photographs of Scottish peasant life, offer raw material, of which Mr. Buchanan or Mr. George MacDonald might make good use. Mr. Hunter's first effort in art was a determined one. While but a boy, he was left in charge of the miller's five children; and these he proceeded to adorn. He got a pair of scissors and entirely cut their hair off, leaving only a tall ridge, like the mane of a zebra, on the crown of their heads. He then got some bramble-berries and tattooed their faces; by which time they had a sufficiently unearthly appearance. He then took his charge to meet the miller's wife as she came home from church. He says:—

"That we might make the meeting as unexpected as happy, I proposed that we should all sit down in the ditch at the turn of the road which led to our home, and when our mothers were at hand we would rush out and give a joyous welcome. I think I hear their voices yet, talking as single-hearted country folk only can of the various discourses which had been delivered during the day. At a given word out rushed the miller's five weans with a shout, 'O mother!' This was too much for her nerves; she shrieked, bounding back from them exclaimed, 'In the name o' God, what are you?' They individually and collectively shouted, 'Mother!' but it was some time before she could be convinced of the fact that she was really mother to the astonished family as they stood before her wondering what was wrang wi' her. She had sunk down in a sort of swoon on an embankment on the opposite side of the road from where the youths made their appearance. She looked first at the one, then at another, and when she ascertained that I was the cause of so much deformity she made a bounce to seize me as I still sat in the opposite ditch with my sister and brother, who had also grown out o' my mither's kennan. I escaped through a hole in the hedge at a greater speed than she could follow with, but vengeance was threatened, so that I durst not pass her door till the hair was restored, which was a process of time."

Hunter afterwards leaves this village to become apprentice to a shoemaker, and in this new village meets new faces and

\* The Retrospect of an Artist's Life; Memorials of West Country Men and Manners of the Past Half Century. By John Kelso Hunter, Artist, Glasgow. Greenock: Orr, Pollock, & Co.



new characters. One of these is a man called Ralston, whose wife has just died. For some time previous he had greeted her each morning with the kindly inquiry, "Are ye awa' yet, Mary?" The news of her death having been brought by a neighbour, Ralston merely asked for some pork and potatoes:—

"Being served with the desired meal (says our chronicler), he ate with a relish for a time, then taking a rest, he wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his coat, and said by way of soliloquy, 'It's a guid thing that she's awa'; she was a perfect waster, and wad soon hae herried me out o' the door. She ate a peck o' meal in the week, drank a bottle o' whisky, ate nine tippeny oranges, forbye God knows what in the shape o' cordials. I must say that I'm weel quat o' her. But it has been a tough job though. My first duty will be to see and get her decently buried; which duty seemed to afford rather pleasurable sensations."

The recollections of his advanced years are not quite so full of fun as those of his boyhood; but not unfrequently they show a gleam of juvenile mirth. His large family and narrow means kept Mr. Hunter constantly appealing to raffles as the best means of getting rid of his portraits; and, when these failed, he again took to the bench and hammered away at shoes, old or new. Some of these raffle reminiscences are very amusing, and none more so than the following. Hunter had raffled four portraits, one of himself, one of his wife, another of Robert Owen, and a fourth of Tom Paine:—

"The man who got Thomas Paine's portrait (he says) said that he durstna take it home by that name, but as his wife was a great admirer of Ralph Wardlaw, he would take it home as his portrait. When he told his wife the prize he had got, she took down the mantle-piece ornaments, and made a place for the divine, supporting him with everything that was bonnie and braw; and there she was proud of the new acquisition to her house. At breakfast-time a lang-tongued neebour wife came in saying, 'Aye, woman, and your man got Tam Pen's portrait yestreen.' She denied the fact, and said that it was Dr. Wardlaw. However, the neighbour made her statement good till the husband arrived, and poor Tam was threatened with the fire unless he was taken out of that directly. 'What's in a name?' Much. A despatch was sent on to the Broomlands to James Mitchell, shoemaker, that Thomas was in danger. He lost no time in running to the rescue, and for fourteen shillings took Tom out of the reach of the fire. He went out to Johnstone, to Campbell Snodgrass, and stated the case to him, who gave him a guinea for the Radical Reformer's portrait."

Hunter went on from year to year, painting portraits or making shoes, as necessity required. Only once was there a prospect of a great alteration in his life, and that was when some friends raised some money to send him to Munich, in order that he might copy some pictures there. He came up to London and went the round of the exhibitions. That the uncultured Scotch shoemaker had a true instinct in meeting the few works of genius which adorn the English capital will be evident from the following bit of criticism of Turner:—

"Whatever others might or may think, his pictures to me were the most marvellous of any in the exhibition. They were indications of pictures; painted with the colours which constitute light—red, blue, and yellow. Wind and sunlight moved among his clouds. His water had motion. His mountains were indications; so was everything else. He indicated, and you were left at freedom to fill up your own picture. Wherever form went, there the prismatic rays went—reddish, greenish, bluish, yellowish, pinkish, purplish, silvery, grey, in abundance; and, in some spot of interest, the pure power of colour, from which everything else in the picture fled to its native place. He was a genius who could think, act, and stop. The most laboured paintings, in which were the earthly colours of objects, fell to dirt before his light-filled phantoms."

But such art as London possesses was too much for Hunter. It stunned him. His emotion on being confronted by the old masters seems to us to have left him just on this side of brain-fever, and we give his description of this peculiar psychological experience:—

"I was one day in deep thought as to the masses of shadow, masses of warm and cool colour opposing, so as to produce conflict and harmony at the same time. I felt as if I was unravelling the mystery. As all those different parts and powers were in fine motion on the surface of the picture, the figures were really beginning to move. I knew that to be nonsense, and concluded that the sight was dazzled by looking too long. I lifted my eye to the roof, and there was the great picture of Murillo working its way up the wall, and wherever I rested my eye there was the whole affair as if I had been looking at a picture given by the camera obscura. I felt also a queer sensation. I leapt straight up on a seat, and so wild like, I should suppose, had my appearance become, that both men and women who had been standing near to where I was stepped back to a respectful distance. The sensation was like that produced by a shot. I thought that the top part of my skull was blown off, and the brains scattered among the works of the old masters. I stood fast, and cautiously turning my eyes to the roof, I saw no mark of the brains. Still I saw the large picture. I was sure that the upper part of my head was off, and I held my head steady, that in case the brains were still left, I might not spill them. I had seen a head opened, and felt distinctly as if it had been the fact with me."

He was frightened and disheartened by these visits and the effect of them, and finally he returned to Scotland without having breathed the warm air and been blinded by the white streets of the Bavarian capital. He returned to his humble portrait-painting, at which we now find him, an old man, hale and hearty, with plenty of humour and audacious self-confidence. He has done well to publish these reminiscences of his singular career; they are the story of a long and honest fight.

#### BRITISH SOCIAL WASPS.\*

WE are not prepared to deny the existence of some good qualities in wasps, but we unhesitatingly assert that they are not generally popular. Apart from their fancy for turning plums into nests, gorging themselves with sugar, and finding their deathbeds in molasses, any one of which peculiarities would be sufficient to create a strong feeling of resentment, the wasp can fall back upon no pleasant recollections of youth to intercede for him. He is just one of those insects that seem never to be insensible to the fact that they possess stings, or at any time willing to let slip an available opportunity of using them. The wasp appears also to be a strongly conservative insect, for wherever we find him occupying a place in history he is invariably discovered as the impersonation of something eminently annoying and disagreeable. There are those, however, who enjoy the acquaintance of wasps, meet them in a friendly way, and feel called upon to speak of them in very high terms indeed. Among those who have made their habits a study, the wasps can count no truer friend than Dr. Ormerod, the author of the pleasantly-written and very instructive little work before us. Dr. Ormerod tells us that wasps are among those little creatures who are victims of prejudice, and disliked because they are not known. If they exact a toll from our gardens in the autumn, and if they occasionally meet a glorious and satisfactory end in treacle, they, on the other hand, destroy a large quantity of rotten wood, and consume an immense number of flies and caterpillars, which we should find infinitely more unpleasant and voracious than they are. Nothing can be more gratifying than to observe that the wasp only stings in self-defence, if we could only be satisfied with respect to his notions as to what constitutes an attack sufficiently serious to call forth his resistance. We are perfectly assured that a misunderstanding on this point has frequently been attended with unpleasant results both to wasps and their victims.

Among remedies for wasp-stings, some of them very ancient and very old, Dr. Ormerod mentions an application of a poultice of wasps to the wounded place, which must have been held in high favour in old times. Apart from the healing properties which the poultice possessed, there was a sort of retributive justice involved in its preparation, and connected with it which must have had a most soothing effect upon the patient.

To understand wasps, two things appear to be necessary—a love of the insect and the setting apart a portion of your study window for his especial use. Those who can get up the necessary degree of affection, and are bold enough to venture upon the sacrifice of the space alluded to, will find a wasp's nest a thoroughly companionable establishment. The wasp preferring to store food for himself instead of honey for other people, may not be quite so profitable as the bee, but he appears to be not a whit less interesting; and if those who feel concerned in his welfare will only keep at a respectful distance from him on a windy day or in a hot sun, he will be found to possess quite as much general amiability as the more favoured insect, without any of the personal antipathies which distinguish it:—

"If we wish to study the habits of wasps, to become more closely acquainted with them than the mere external examination and the occasional capture of a nest will allow, we must secure a swarm with its nest in active work, remove it to some place more convenient for observation than wasps usually select, and expose the comb freely to view. The most convenient situation is a window-ledge, where, under the shelter of a box without a lid, set up on end, the wasps will work as freely as in their more familiar quarters. It is advisable, before establishing the colony there, to see that the sash runs easily and without noise, that we may be able to look with our fingers, as they say, now and then, without irritating the swarm needlessly. It requires a little courage and skill to execute their removal successfully, but, once effected, the spectacle is one of constant varied interest, certainly not surpassed by that of a swarm of honey-bees; while from the smaller number of the insects their proceedings are much more easily intelligible.

\* British Social Wasps: an Introduction to their Anatomy and Physiology, Architecture, and General Natural History. With Illustrations of the Different Species, and their Nests. By Edward Latham Ormerod, M.D., Caius College, Cambridge, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Physician to the Sussex County Hospital. (London: Longmans & Co.)



"Busy as wasps always are, yet a wasp's nest does not present such a scene of universal ceaseless industry as a bee-hive. The stream of life passing in and out is not so strong, and wasps may often be seen, especially in autumn, lying motionless, or slowly crawling over the case of the nest. However, even honey-bees seem indolent and indifferent sometimes, as, for instance, when they are wandering by twos and threes over a new glass which has lately been added to their establishment, and of which they have not yet fairly taken possession.

"Supposing the removal of the nest and the exposure of the comb to have been successfully accomplished, the wasps will settle down to their work in a few hours. After watching for a little while, we find that the wasps coming into the nest are divisible into two classes, one laden with materials for mending the injuries which the nest has suffered, the other bringing food for the young brood. As we have already closely examined all the details of the process of building, we need not dwell any longer on these now; but, while the wasps still have any of the interior open to view, we may turn our attention to other points of their domestic economy. And first of their food.

"Wasps' food is of the most varied kind, they eat fragments of meat, the bodies of insects, fruit, garbage, anything, in short, from which nourishment can be extracted. But it is the nutritive fluid which is extracted from these various bodies that they consume, rather than the solid substance itself. It is true that fragments of the harder parts of insects are sometimes found in their castings, and generally form a large portion of the contents of the intestinal pouch of the larvæ; still, as a rule, wasps live on fluid food.

"When a wasp appears with her crop full of fluid, she becomes immediately a centre of attraction. Two or three gather round her, and take up the fluid as she gradually lets it drop out on the upper surface of the comb. Then the larvæ are visited in their cells, and take their food in the most sisterly way, from mouth to mouth, till the supply is exhausted, and the nurse is at liberty to go away and replenish her crop. The solid food which is brought in cannot be so easily distributed, but, however it is portioned out, there is never any quarrelling. Strong as the instinct is in wasps to snatch and hold their own against all the rest of the world, yet no feeling of resentment seems to be aroused by the loss of their prey. Once gone, whether to friend or foe, it is lost, and they make no angry attempts to recover it. The distinction of *meum* and *tuum* has no place in a wasp's feelings, any farther than her mandibles can reach. Right and might are to her exactly the same thing, and she who has lost is just as if she had never possessed. Their common nest only excepted."

Whilst the author tells us how to conciliate wasps, he also touches upon some of the ways in which we may destroy them, not forgetting the time-honoured and somewhat dangerous expedients, the red-hot poker and the gunpowder squib; and he explains the modes in which a nest may be removed so as to preserve not only the nest, but the naturalist. For the benefit of those who may be engaged in collecting, we give Dr. Ormerod's suggestion for the setting of wasps. The subject, which, as a matter of precaution, is to be killed by being dropped into a bottle containing at the bottom a little benzine collar or chloroform, is then, if no signs of life appear, to be cleaned and set at once:—

"For this purpose, take the wasp between the left thumb and forefinger, and squeeze the abdomen gently, removing the viscera as they protrude, with a pair of forceps and a bit of rag. Then wipe out the inside of the abdomen with a little cotton wool, and when it is quite dry insert a small tuft of this to prevent the abdomen from shrinking. With care all this may be done without cutting, or even without displacing any of the rings. Next draw the legs out gently, and particularly attend to the tibio-tarsal joints, straightening them, not by pulling, but by pressing, so that they may readily take any required form without fear of breaking. Now pass a fine but strong pin through the thorax, and set the insect on a cork-board. The legs will keep their position in drying, but the antennæ will need support, and perhaps the head also. The chief trouble is with the wings, on the neat adjustment of which so much of the beauty of the specimen depends. The best way to manage these is to fix a long pin obliquely into the cork-board on either side, parallel to the body of the insect, making an inclined plane on which the wings may rest when they are expanded. Now open the fore-wing very carefully, with one blade of the forceps, and draw it over the hind-wing, up this plane. After one or two trials the row of little hooks which are found along the front of the hind-wing of the wasp will hook as they naturally do in flight, and the wings thus fastened will look much better and retain their position more securely than when they are adjusted by pins. They are to be held in this position by another long lighter pin lying over the stronger one and nipping the wings between them. This must be repeated on the other side, and the limbs must be rearranged where they have been disturbed; and then the specimen only needs drying to be complete. Sometimes, by merely blowing them, the wings may be properly expanded, and if, luckily, the hooks can be made to catch at the same time, a great deal of trouble will be saved thereby. When the specimen is very small, as will be the case if we extend our researches beyond the *Vespa*, pins and forceps will be of no use in spreading the wings, but will only tear them. The best way then is to float out each wing, with a drop of water, on the end of a slip of card neatly brought up to the side of the insect as it stands on the setting-board. As the water evaporates, the wing will retain its form on the card, and this will drop off, when quite dry, by its own weight. Folded wings which have resisted all other remedies often yield to this.

"The specimens, especially those of the larger insects, require a good deal of subsequent care. They are liable to turn greasy and soil the paper on which they are mounted; they are the prey of little

mites as well as of larger insects; and if they are kept in the sun they are liable to fade. But wasps are plentiful, and we need not grudge a little trouble in setting a few specimens more or less, when it adds so much to the beauty of the cabinet to have each nest ornamented by its own wasps."

We cannot take leave of the little book without observing that, in addition to a very able and interesting introduction to the subject generally, the author devotes a chapter to the classification and distinction of wasps, another to the form and construction of the nest, another to the social economy of the insects, and four to their anatomy and physiology. There are also several rather neatly-executed engravings and graphotypes, which give a completeness to a treatise, in our estimation, well calculated to be of great utility to naturalists interested in this branch of the subject.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

A PAPER ON "England and America," having reference to the disputes now pending between this country and the United States, opens the new number of *Fraser*. The writer sees much that is untenable in the position assumed by either side, but, on the whole, evidently leans more to the American than the English view. His suggestion "that the British Government should invite the United States to appoint from its jurists and statesmen members of a commission to meet an equal number selected from Great Britain, for the purpose of unrestricted conference upon all questions of mutual concern to the two countries," seems a good one. In the opinion of the writer, the American people are far from desirous to keep the *Alabama* dispute open; and he trusts that Lord Stanley will meet this feeling in a spirit of magnanimity. The article on "Madame Tallien" is a review of a French work on one of the celebrated women of the revolutionary epoch: it gives a lively picture of Parisian society in those strange days, but is written in too Gallicised a style to be of much value as a piece of composition. "Public School Education" is an elaborate essay on a subject now once more attracting attention. The recently published "Essays on a Liberal Education," edited by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A., form, together with another work, the basis of the article, which ranges over a great variety of topics connected with the study of Greek and Latin, the acquisition of the modern languages, and the culture of science. This is followed by a continuation from a previous number of "The Politics of Young England," the writer of which, while "gladly accepting the democratic creed," confesses to a fear that "political equality will take the bloom off manners, degrade the painter's touch, disturb the serenity of perfect taste, and replace literary and artistic masterpieces by acres of ephemeral work." How he reconciles his two antagonistic creeds, we are to be told in a subsequent paper. The article is written in rather an acrimonious and despondent style; but it contains some truthful points. Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey" afford materials for a readable article; but the most remarkable production in the number is that entitled "The Religious Crisis"—an essay, full of deep thought and profound feeling, on the present position of the intellect towards the great problems of faith. Beginning with an eloquent repudiation of the materialistic tendencies of several of the scientific thinkers and philosophers of the age—tendencies from which humanity shrinks back in a natural revulsion from their overwhelming dreariness and gloom—the writer proceeds to point out that the dogmatism of the Churches has been irretrievably damaged by the progress of knowledge; that neither the infallibility of Rome nor the literal interpretations of Protestantism can any longer be maintained; and that the western world is awaiting the final development of Christianity, which will be in accordance with all the truths of reason. To the question, "What has become obsolete and dead in Protestantism?" the essayist replies—"The rigid conception of Divine Revelation imported into the Church by the Council of Trent and the later reformers. This husk has become dead; and unless the world-tree of the Christian Gospel has completed the cycle of its vitality, and exhausted its energies of growth, this husk must be cast off. If the Christian religion is to be immortal among the institutions of the world; if 'the white winter of its years' is never to come; if it is to draw into itself all elements of light and heat which, from age to age, are brought into the atmosphere of earth; it must prepare now for a new expansion under the influence of the sublime truth, never so fully apprehended as it may be apprehended by us at this hour, that the revelation of God has been comprehensive, not exclusive." There will of course be many opinions as to the views here expressed; for ourselves, we are simply describing, without indicating either agreement or disagreement; but no candid reader will deny the ability of the article, or the manifest desire of the writer to discuss great problems in a fearless yet reverential spirit. The other contents of the number are further chapters of "The Marston" and a "Diary in Libby Prison," kept by a Hungarian Officer in the U. S. army who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Confederates during the civil war.



*Macmillan* starts with Professor Huxley's address to the South London Working Men's College on "A Liberal Education, and where to find it," with which, in an abbreviated form, the public are already familiar in the newspapers, and which, by the way, forms part of the text of the religious article in *Fraser* to which we have just been referring. The paper on "Royal and Other Diaries and Letters" is a criticism of the Queen's "Journal" on purely literary grounds, which the writer considers have hitherto been evaded, though without sufficient reason, as he thinks the book excellent as a piece of writing. The Hon. Robert Lytton's "Chronicles and Characters" are criticised and highly praised in a subsequent article; Mr. F. Cranford Grove gives a picturesque description of the present eruption of Vesuvius; and from Mr. Clement R. Markham, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, we have an interesting paper on "The Abyssinian Expedition," in connection with which he holds an official appointment. "Realma" and "The Chaplet of Pearls" progress, and Miss Christina Rossetti and the author of "John Halifax" contribute two short poems, both characterized by that strange fatality of sinking below the level which so frequently distinguishes the poetry of this Magazine.

"Vesuvius" is also made the subject of an article in the *Cornhill*; but this is rather an historical survey of previous eruptions of the Neapolitan mountain (including that in which Pliny the Elder perished) than an account of the present outbreak. The writer is of opinion that the eruption now in progress, and the numerous and violent convulsions which have taken place during the two last centuries, "seem to afford an answer to those who would see traces of a gradually diminishing activity in the earth's internal forces." This is followed by a very good article on "De Foe's Novels," devoted to an account and critical examination of those works of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" which are not generally known—"Roxana," "Singleton," "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," &c. The peculiar characteristics of De Foe's genius, and the elements in which it was wanting, are well pointed out by the critic, who disputes Lamb's dictum that the little-read fictions of De Foe are equal to his one great success. There is some truth in the remark towards the end that, "as De Foe was a man of very powerful, but very limited, imagination—able to see certain aspects of things with extraordinary distinctness, but little able to rise above them—even his greatest book shows his weakness, and scarcely satisfies a grown-up man with a taste for high art." In "Roe-shooting in the Black Forest," we have a very lively paper of the quality dear to sportsmen—a paper which all will read who like to realize the active life of our fellow-creatures in wild and far-away regions. A lugubrious story, called "I do not Love You," a quaint piece of fancy with the title "A Sad Hour," and further chapters of "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," satisfy the demands of fiction-loving readers; and the two other papers of the number are an account of the "Hindu Festival of the Pongol," and the concluding portions of the amusing papers on "Talk," which, however, were beginning to be rather overdone. The festival alluded to in the previous paper is a very odd one; it means literally "the Festival of the Boiling," and is thus described:—

"The Pongol dish of rice is the test of household cookery; by it the wife stands or falls. There are as many recipes for making Pongol rice as for producing good curry. There must be milk, of course; but among poor people the quantity is often very small. Ghee, too, must be present, so must dhol, gram, and perhaps half a dozen other things. If the result be really good, any novelty is excused. When it is remembered that the great mass of the people live on rice all the year round, it will be clear that it must be no easy matter to produce a new flavour in rice; and a culinary success is duly appreciated by the guests. The fire must not be lighted until the sun has entered the tropic, and meanwhile giving presents is the order of the day. . . . In this way the time passes away till the critical moment approaches, when with eager speed the fire is lighted and the chatty placed on the top. With what care is the process watched! If the boiling be rapid, good luck will come with every month of the year; if the fire burn slowly, great is the mourning in that unfortunate house. . . . Happy is the one who can discern the first bubble that tells of the approaching boiling. Those who are stronger or taller press to the front, and whisper to those behind of the progress of the sacred ceremony; every neck is outstretched, and there is not an eye that does not glisten with delight. In a moment a convulsive movement runs through the assembly, and then men, women, and children lift up their voices and shout 'Pongol!' A joyful chorus of 'O Pongol!' rising clear and strong, breaks the previous silence. For why? They have seen the rice-milk slowly rise, and then suddenly with bubbles dancing on its surface swell up to the mouth of the vessel. Pongol means boiling, and the joyous shout is the announcement, 'It boils; oh, it boils!' The rite is thus consummated; the sun-god has accepted the thanks, and promises another bountiful harvest when the time shall come."

With its sixth number, *St. Pauls* concludes Vol. I. The present issue, besides continuing "All for Greed" and Mr. Anthony Trollope's own novel, "Phineas Finn, the Irish Member," contains a collection of essays which we cannot say are of a very attractive order. The political article, "Our Programme for the Liberals," discusses the chief questions of the day from a broad and unsectarian point of view; but the other papers are too general and abstract to lay much claim

to attention. They are on the subjects of "Hunting," "Fashion in Poetry," "Progress," and "Matrimony." All are well written and to the purpose; but it would, we think, be an advantage to *St. Pauls* if its contents were a little less in the style of extended *Saturday-Review* essays. The poem in the present number, called "Une Marquise, a Rhymed Monologue in the Louvre," is very pretty and spirited.

The opening article in the *Contemporary Review* is by Professor Plumptre, and is on "Church Parties, Past, Present, and Future." It sketches the leading characteristics of the three great divisions of the English Church at the present time—the High, Low, and Broad sections—finding in each some good and some evil, some truth and some falsehood, some basis of fact and reason, and some exaggeration. The Broad Church party, the writer thinks, is capable, if it will, of doing a great deal of good in combating ignorance and pauperism, but it is liable to the special dangers of giving an undue prominence to the merely negative aspects of its teaching, and of contracting a habit of regarding all men as hopelessly in the wrong who belong to other sects. With respect to the future, however, Mr. Plumptre is of opinion that "each of the parties within the Church, with all its errors, and half-truths, and passionate prepossessions, has a work to do, and should be helped, not hindered, in doing it. The time for antagonism or recrimination is surely past. We waste our strength in fighting old battles over again, as a kingdom divided against itself. There are evils round us greater than Romanism, greater than Ritualism, greater than Rationalism; and against these 'the word of the Lord' calls us to fight, even when it comes from the lips of the apostles of unbelief." Principal Tulloch's paper on "Chillingworth's Religion of Protestants" is an interesting exposition of the leading principles of that celebrated work, which is highly commended for having "fully expounded the meaning of Protestantism and its logical corollary, the principle of religious latitude, or of 'agreeing to differ' in all matters of religious theory in which the varying tastes, tempers, and judgments of men necessarily create difference." Chillingworth, says the critic, claims "a significant place in the development of religious thought"—a place which seems to be somewhere between the assertors of priestly authority on the one hand, and the advocates of the supremacy of the scientific intellect on the other. Pasteur F. G. Wheatcroft—we presume an Englishman settled in France—gives an account of "The Present State of the French Reformed Church," which, on the whole, is satisfactory, though there appears to be room for improvement. A Dutch clergyman contributes a paper on "The Education Question in Holland," the upshot of which seems to be that the system of unsectarian education established in the Low Countries several years ago has resulted in the encouragement of a species of Deism. Professor Conington contributes an article on "The Communion Service," and the Rev. J. R. Green a paper on "The Revolution in a French Country Town," showing how the great convulsion of the close of last century affected the little town of Andelise, in Normandy. With a reply by the Dean of Cork to Professor Maurice's strictures on the Irish Church Establishment—a reply which vehemently maintains the present position of that Church—and the usual short notices of new books, the number is brought to a close.

The *Dublin University Magazine* has for its first paper an article on "Vital Faith," in which the religious teachings of Paul, Augustine, and Luther, are examined, with a view to proving an essential similarity in them. The writer regards these three preachers as having been "alike in their indomitable courage; alike in the vicissitudes of their careers; and alike in an enthusiasm which has been the marvel not only of their own age, but will be a marvel to all generations." It was they, we are told, who fanned the spark of Christianity into a flame at certain crises of its existence; and it is they "who stand, as it were, at the very head of humanity—the three leaders of the march of the human race through this life to the next." Mr. Hepworth Dixon's recently published work, "Spiritual Wives," is favourably reviewed in the next article. "The Dublin Book Auctions and Book-buyers of Yesterday" is an agreeable piece of gossip; "European Folk Lore" is another of those admirable bundles of popular fairy tales with which the conductors of this periodical so often oblige us; and in the paper on "Towers and Temples of Early Ireland" we have an interesting summary of the speculations of Mr. Keane on the origin of those mysterious buildings, with which we have already familiarized our readers. "Moliere at Home and at the Play" is a sketch of the life of the great French humorist, full of pleasant anecdote; and the rest of the number is divided between fiction and poetry.

The *Month* proceeds with its continuous story, "Eudoxia, a Picture of the Fifth Century," and its serial articles "The History of Galileo," "Cavaliere de Rossi on the History of St. Callistus," and "Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America." The other papers are on "Classical Education," "School Systems in America" (this is an attack on all systems of education which do not leave tuition in the hands of the priests), and "The Greek Physiognomists"—the last named curious as showing what Aristotle and other ancient writers thought of the indications of character existing, or supposed to exist, in the physical conformation.



Mr. Edmund Yates and Dr. Howard Russell continue to write the two chief fictions of *Tinsleys' Magazine*, which furnishes plenty of entertainment for its readers in "The Rock Ahead" of the one writer, and "The Adventures of Dr. Brady" of the other. "Why we stopped the *Joan of Arc*" is a humorous bit of sea life, and brings the reader in a cheerful frame of mind to the article by the "American Fenian" on "The Irish Conspiracy," which assures us in very plain language that Ireland is lost to England—that nothing we can do will ever pacify the people—that our very blessings come to them like curses—that it would take centuries of kindness to efface the memory of centuries of cruelties, and that "the only way to render Ireland loyal is to force all her native population to emigrate, and fill their places with English residents." The disease is a serious one, no doubt, but we will hope it is not so bad as that comes to. "Swan-Songs" treats of the last moments of famous musicians. The article on "The Queen's Book" is terribly behind the time: it is absurd to suppose that it can convey any fresh information to the reader. "English Photographs" is an account by an American of his experiences in this country, written in a friendly spirit; and "Guernsey in Midwinter" is a pleasant paper, bringing the semi-Norman Channel island in a bright and lively manner before our eyes. A new novel is commenced, under the title of "A House of Cards," and some average poetry is sprinkled about the number.

*Good Words* contains an admirable series of papers. Mr. Gilbert's account of the "Peculiar People" will be found very interesting and curious. Mr. Tennyson's poem is well worth reading, as an example of the utter drivell and nonsense which a man of genius may be capable of writing. There is almost an impudent air of challenge in the silliness of this production, as though its author felt conscious that his admirers would accept anything with gratitude that he chose to give them. To make up for it, however, there are some sinewy picturesque verses, signed M. B. Smedley. The Duke of Argyll contributes an article on "Recent Speculations on Primeval Man," and the Dean of Westminster writes on the "Palestine Explorations." Mr. Gladstone concludes his notices of "Ecce Homo," and from the Bishop of London we have an essay on "St. John's Connection with Christian History and Evidences." A humorous sketch by Matthew Browne, of the correspondence between a working man and a girl to whom he is about to get married, contains a great deal of subtle wisdom, and promises to develop a train of ingenious and pleasant thoughts.

To criticise the sixteen articles—fiction, essays, poetry, and miscellanea—into which the new number of *Belgravia* is divided, is almost an impossible task, especially as the matter is rather of a nature to enjoy than discuss. But it may fairly be said that this Magazine is one of the best specimens we have of the class of light, yet not altogether frivolous, reading. Miss Braddon, with her "Dead Sea Fruit," continues to be the staple attraction; but she is well seconded by Mr. Walter Thornbury, Mr. Sala, Major Byng Hall, the author of "Bella Donna," &c. With its varied literature, its handsomely-printed pages, and its pictures, *Belgravia* presents us this month with a very good number. The illustrations are a little too much in the "plate of the fashions" order to suit our taste; but they are well done of their kind.

*Once a Week* has certainly improved in its new form. "Foul Play" is a very clever sensational story, and shows how two genuine artists can render an inferior type of novel-writing interesting and attractive. The composition of this tale is spirited, dramatic, and pointed, and we have no doubt that it finds numerous readers and admirers. The rest of the Magazine is made up of some light essays and sketches, while the table-talk paragraphs contain some smart things, with a fair sprinkling of dull ones, which make the others shine out. Mr. Du Maurier's illustration to the twenty-fifth chapter of "Foul Play" is very striking.

The *Argosy* presents a very readable sixpennorth. Besides Mrs. Wood's novel, "Anne Hereford," we find in the present number a well-written essay by Mr. W. Clark Russell comparing Goldsmith and La Bruyère, in whom the writer discovers a resemblance, and several light stories complete in themselves, and sufficiently amusing to while away many a half-hour. The illustrations, however, we cannot admire: they are in the worst style of the modern-antique affectation.

*London Society* is bright and gay with stories, essays, and sketches, and with the particular kind of social illustrations which the artists employed on this periodical have such a happy facility in producing. By way of contrast, we have a tragic poem by Mr. Robert Buchanan—one of his "London Lyrics," very intense and powerful. The number is an excellent one.

A word of praise is due to *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, a well written, varied, amusing, and instructive miscellany for young people, edited by the skilful and sympathetic hand of Mrs. Alfred Gatty.

The *Art Journal* has two steel engravings—"The Justice of the King," from a striking picture by Faed, and Leslie's celebrated "Sancho Panza;" both good engravings of good originals. The number also contains some charming woodcuts and some interesting articles.

We have also received the *Eclectic*, *Mission Life*, the *Lamp*, the *People's Magazine*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, and the *London and County Review*.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*French Thoughts on Irish Evils.* Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with Notes by a Son of the Soil. (Longmans.)

The notes to this brochure compose the most significant, and, indeed, the bulkiest portion of it. The editor is evidently an Irishman, by whom the wrongs and grievances of his country are much better understood than by the writer, whose remarks he is only supposed to illustrate. He is careful to defend his compatriots from the implied charges of sloth, improvidence, or drunkenness. He brings forward the facts that Irish labourers who go to America dig the canals, build railways, "and do the rough work of the cities of the North and West." The most noticeable part of the main chapters of the book is the reference to Cavour, who puts in the strongest terms the necessity for abolishing the Established Church, stating that if a repeal of the Union had taken place, that institution would not stand for a moment. Cavour put the matter in very forcible and unhesitating language. "The reform of the Established Church," he wrote, "is so essential to the welfare of Ireland, that there ought not to be too much scruple with regard to the means by which it shall be accomplished; and I, in consequence, do not hesitate to declare that if the repeal of the Union were indispensable for the attainment of this end, should be unable to resist a desire for repeal, however injurious that measure might be in every other respect; but happily this is not the case." The work is timely, as showing the drift of educated opinion in France on Irish questions.

*The Student's Guide.* By James Erle Benham. (Batterworths.)

This little book is designed to help young gentlemen desirous of becoming attorneys and solicitors over the difficulties of the preliminary examination. It is certainly a useful guide to that curious *olla podrida* expected from the candidate, although perhaps a safer course of preparation would be simply to master at once the range of subjects without the assistance of a ready reckoner. Using a work of this kind is like learning to swim with corks. However, there are persons who never can learn to swim without first feeling the confidence which an artificial aid gives them; and to those who are nervous at facing the troubles of dates and arithmetic, it may be well to have a systematized mode of cram suggested in a distinct and accurate manner.

We have also received:—*Sermons*, by the Rev. John Keble, M.A., parts 4 and 5 (Parker);—*The Fifth Book of Euclid treated Algebraically*, by C. L. Dodgson, M.A. (Parker);—*Part 44, Dictionary of Chemistry*, by Henry Watts, &c. (Longmans);—*The Irish Difficulty*, by William Kelly, F.R.G.S. (Longmans);—*Ireland*, by H. A. Butler-Johnstone, M.P. (Parker);—*Correspondence Concerning the Appointment of an Orthodox Bishop to Natal* (Rivingtons);—*Quadrature of the Circle*, by Edward Thornton (Stanford);—*Proposals for the Gradual Creation of a Farmer-Proprietary in Ireland* (Ridgway);—*Nothing to Pray to*, by Peter Pasquil (Stevenson);—*The Accounts of Building Societies*, by Astrap Cariss (Kent);—*The Repeal of the Union*, by the Rev. Richard Oulton, jun., A.M. (Hodges & Smith);—*The Personal Payment of Rates*, by G. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P. (Ridgway);—*Studies of Renan*, by John R. Beard, D.D. (Simpkin & Co.);—*The Irish Question*, by James Aytoun (Hardwicke);—*What is the Government Bill?* by George Anthony Denison, M.A. (Rivingtons);—*A Pastoral Letter*, by Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster;—*An Outline of the American School System*, by Jesse Collings (Simpkin & Co.);—*The Artisan*, No. 3 (Asher);—*The Gardener's Magazine* for March (Allen);—*The Great Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace*, June, 1868.

THE almanac issued by the Royal Insurance Office gives, in addition to the usual matter of such periodicals, a full statement of the funds, revenue, and expenditure of that institution. It appears that at the last annual meeting it was decided to distribute in future an increased share of the profits among the life-policy holders. The bonuses of the company still continue among the largest given by any similar association.

THE French Post-office Directory (*Times*, March 2) which, under the title of "Didot's Annuaire du Commerce," for which Mr. G. Phillips, of Regent-circus, (326) Oxford-street, is agent, has reached its seventy-first year. Like its great London contemporary, it has increased in bulk as it grew in years, and now presents an outward appearance of fulness desirable in a book of reference, and which is warranted by an inspection of its contents. The "Annuaire," unlike the "London," is not a mere Directory for the capital, but extends to all the towns of France, and gives a list of the traders and merchants, professional men, and officials in all the departments.